

HARVEST FESTIVAL, SEPT. 21st to 24th.



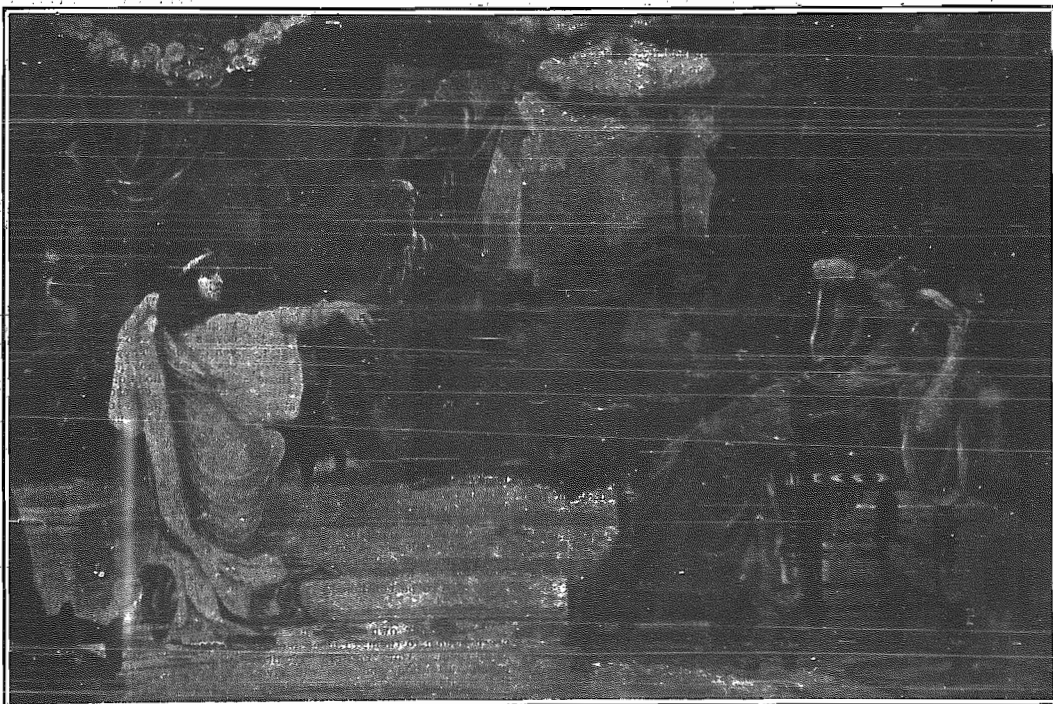
17th Year, No. 46

WILLIAM BOOTH
General.

TORONTO, AUGUST 17, 1901

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

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ESTHER DENOUNCING HAMAN.

"Then Esther the Queen answered and said, If I have found favor in thy sight, O King . . . let my life be given me at my petition, and my people at my request: For we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain, and to perish. . . . Then the King Ahasuerus answered and said unto Esther the Queen, Who is he, and where is he, that durst presume in his heart to do so? And Esther said, The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman. Then Haman was afraid before the King and the Queen."—Esther vii. 3-6.

THE QUEEN WHO SAVED A PEOPLE.



OUNDED pride was the cause of that terrible royal decree which had doomed the Jewish people to destruction. Haman was proud, and the refusal of Mordecai to salute him with the customary honors rankled in his heart. It illustrates the littleness of his mind. A noble mind will not be offended by neglected homage, since it is not the homage that makes man great. On the other hand, paying homage is not necessarily the acknowledgment of greatness in the per-

son so honored; yet small-minded people always like flatterers and attention.

Haman's pride was sorely wounded. A stranger, and a Jew at that, had not bowed down and given him, the highest representative of the King, the royal salute. It was monstrous. It must be punished. And by using misrepresentation and taking every advantage of his position, he induced the King to sign the decree of extermination of the Jews. What a bitter, revengeful spirit Haman showed in desiring the destruction of

an entire people for the offence of one of its members.

But God sat in Government. Esther was found not only a Queen in name, but a queen in thought and action. She risked the royal displeasure, and banishment, to save her people, and she succeeded, because she relied on the God of her fathers.

Haman was hanged on the gallows prepared for his victims.

Pride of heart cannot take the place of greatness of soul.

Don't set a trap to avenge yourself on an enemy. You will fall into your own trap.

Great risks taken in the cause of

right are safe risks, which carry big insurances.

God has decreed that all who sin shall die, which means the whole human race, since all have sinned.

But God has issued another decree, through the intercession of His Son, that all who have sinned may be forgiven through Jesus Christ, and may slay the enemies of mankind to save their fellow-men.

Let every Christian rise then, and arm himself for the greatest conflict of the universe, the battle between Heaven and Hell. Warriors are wanted! You must fight, or be defeated yourself. Rouse yourself, then, without delay, and fight.

Items of Interest.

Next to Great Britain, Russia is the largest exhibitor at Glasgow Exhibition.

Lord Kitchener is now in his 52nd year. His military service is one of 30 years.

Ninety-eight per cent. of the slaves of Zanzibar and Pemba prefer to remain slaves.

France has 60 cities with more than 20,000 inhabitants, and 12 of these exceed 100,000.

The world has two and a quarter million acres under tobacco, which produce 860,000 tons a year.

The lowest tides, where any exist at all, are at Panama, where two feet is the average rise and fall.

The Egyptian Soudan has 12 provinces, with an area of a million square miles, and 10½ million people.

Patented processes have been devised in Germany for converting sawdust into charcoal and other products.

In Persia they sponge up their tears at funerals, and afterwards squeeze the fluid into bottles for preservation.

Four thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight of the present population of the United Kingdom were born at sea.

The Empress of Russia operates a typewriter, and assists her husband by taking down many of his letters from dictation.

London uses one hundred and ten pounds of ice yearly per inhabitant. New York uses one thousand three hundred pounds a year.

The banking power of the United Kingdom has increased from one hundred and thirty-two millions, in 1840, to over one thousand millions at present.

The Norwegian Parliament is called the Storting, that of Sweden the Riksdag, of Serbia the Skupchina, of Greece the Boule, of Bulgaria the Sobranje.

Prof. Finson, of Copenhagen, the discoverer of the "light cure" for lupus, is himself an invalid, suffering from heart disease, but he, nevertheless, is a tireless worker.

The Congo is one of the widest waterways in the globe, if not the finest. In some parts it is so wide that vessels may pass one another and yet be out of sight.

Thirty per cent. of the civilized population of the world speaks English, nineteen per cent. German, nineteen per cent. Russian, twelve per cent. French, ten per cent. Spanish.

The Infanta Isabella is an enthusiast in all field sports, and she is now, horrifying the stricter sort of persons in Madrid by tearing about the streets in a motor car, which she drives herself.

Prussia holds the record for hay production, growing thirty-three hundredweight to the acre; Britain comes next with thirty hundredweight. Thirty hundredweight of hay means four and a half tons of green grass.

The letter E hold the record for frequent use. In one thousand letters it occurs one hundred and thirty-eight times in English, one hundred and eighty-four in French, one hundred and seventy-eight in German, and one hundred and forty-five in Spanish.

CURVES AND CORNERS.

Who has not found it most convenient to turn a sharp corner on the way to one's own end, to avoid a snag intercepted and delayed? What we are in, to be sure, most of us, going at top speed by the shortest way to reach what we are aiming at. Anything that will moderate this rush, or check it even for a moment, is good for us. Now and then a word in season makes its appeal to conscience effectively, serving us a temporary influence, if no more. Here are two lines from a bit of verse by

EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

BY THE GENERAL

BEREAVEMENT.

4. Encourage yourself with the prospect of going to join them in that land to which your loved ones have passed, and that before long. This was David's consolation on the loss of his child. He seems to have loved it very tenderly indeed, and there were few things in his kingdom that he would not have given to have kept it with him. But when it was gone, he bowed to the Divine will, saying, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

Following up the illustration which I have already given you, on the news reaching the distressed father that his boy was safe, happy and prosperous, but so circumstanced as not to be able to return to his native land, or to again meet his dear father there, and, therefore, he had made arrangements by which both father and mother, and all his old associates could come and live with him in comfort and harmony for the rest of their days, I think the parents and others who had loved the young man would be greatly comforted. I think his father would be likely to say, "Well, praise God, it is well with my boy, for although he cannot come to us, we can go to him. We may have to wait awhile, but we will surely go and see him again."

So, my dear comrades, your dear wife, or your husband, or your darling child—the flower of your stock—or some companion of your heart—a part of yourself, as it were—has suffered shipwreck on the ocean of time. Their vessel has gone to pieces, perhaps from old age, or, perhaps, of struck some sunken reef of fever or other disease, and went suddenly down. But your loved one is safe; manned by the angels, the life-boat came out from the golden shores and carried them safely into the desired haven. Already they are standing in the presence of the King; and not only so, but the message has come to you that arrangements have been made for you and yours to share their happiness, and dwell with them for ever.

Many years ago, I was much impressed by the following simple songs, and since then have been hushed that will set me singing them to myself. There may be some comfort in them to some of my readers, and

Mr. Frank Hamilton, which may well say the healing feet, or, perhaps, Cut out sharp corners. Change thy shortest way To curves of mindfulness of others' weal.

Truly, we are not thinking of others' weal, but of our own sharp corners on our own errands, out of sight and away. The roundabout path, the step aside,

The Little Tarrying to Serve a Neighbor

or to salute a friend, may take a trifle more time, but, ah, the gain of it! That curve of mindfulness may mean a little friendly interchange that will set me singing them to myself, or set a shining memory-mark upon a hidden page of records.

Alas, friends see so little of each other these busy days! As many visits as possible are accomplished in a few hours. But the heartsome little interviews that might be secured if now and then a corner were changed to a curve, in the sweet mindfulness of truest weal, would speed one faster on the upward way, if one but knew.

We Must Take Time to Be Kind. We cannot "nip off the brittle end of courtesy," and fling it from us as we rush around the corner, and hope to further others' welfare thereby, or our own either. We must take the long path for that betimes.

although not original or unknown to many, I give them here for the benefit of those who have not met with them before. The first song is of the saint:—

I shine in the light of God;
His likeness stamps my brow;
Through the valley of death my feet
have trod,
And I reign in Glory now.

I have reached the joys of heaven,
I am one of the sainted band;
For my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand.

I have learnt the song they sing,
Whom Jesus hath set free,
And the glorious walls of heaven still
ring
With my new-born melody.

Oh, friends of mortal years,
The trusted and the true!
Ye are watching still in the valley of
tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget? Oh, no!
For memory's golden chain
Shall link my heart to the hearts
below,
Till they meet to touch again.

Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame
Flows freely down like a river of light
To the world from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glimmering
Do you weep when the raging voice of
war
And the storms of conflict die?

Then why should your tears run down,
And your heart be sorely pained,
For another gem in the Saviour's
crown,
And another soul in heaven?

But here I fancy some of my readers may be saying to me, "What! you cannot cherish this hope? We have been to the grave with those whose faith and character prevented us from having any such expectations as those you have mentioned; anyway, life is a dark uncertainty. What must we do? How can we comfort ourselves? I can only make one reply to all these questions: God and hope! The Judge of all the earth will do right. Hoping for the departed cannot do them harm. So exercise it; but let the uncertainty in which you are placed about the dead make you doubly diligent to do all that in you lies to secure a sure and certain hope for the living.

(To be continued.)

We have our own occasions, and are beholden to them, to meet and to fulfil them. Our duties require prompt attention, and who will give it if we do not? Our own affairs are our responsibilities and opportunities, but we need not take a fire engine to carry a child, or a steamship to carry a letter. We need not take a horse to reach the door, or a car to carry a letter. We need not take a horse to reach the door, or a car to carry a letter. We need not take a horse to reach the door, or a car to carry a letter.

Changing our shortest way may gain a new friend, as well as fasten an old one, but if not this, the thoughtful path, the step aside for sake of a wayfarer, passing interest and momentary claim.

Will Not Be Lost Time.

The minute sacrifice will not go unrewarded. The little discipline in the exquisite grace of thoughtfulness will outweigh the pains it takes.

The curve in the line of beauty. Whatever things are lovely, think on these. The wayside ministry of gracious salutation, of momentary companionship, of slackened pace to keep step with him, of carrying a gift or care, or to allow one carrying a cup of joy to overtake us, are lovely things. These "mindful curves of others' weal" are truest beauty lines.

Julia H. Johnston.

THE HOME

The Supplementary Pantry.

A Suggestion that May Prove Helpful to Housekeepers.

The first thing is to take stock of your domestic conditions intelligently. Consider well its possibilities, then set about realizing them. With hall or porch handy, try to put the icebox there. Give it the best light possible and as much fresh air. Glaze beside it six your fresh meat chest, which, save in the most torrid weather, keeps cooked food better than the icebox itself. It demands only to be put out of doors, away from the sun's rays, and hence it is as much a boon to the flat dweller with a shady fire escape or north-looking window as to the people who have houses all to themselves.

Anybody who can drive a nail can make one at a cost not to exceed a dollar. It is only a frame box, with door and sides of wire gauze and shelves across the inside. It is best made fast to the wall at such a height as to be safe from prowling cats, and should have a cover of wire mesh. Put away food in it in clean earthen dishes; never in any sort of metal, not even in silver. Slip each dish into a separate cheesecloth bag and twist the bag end tight. It suits black and white covers, and the wire mesh wood box all outside with camphor once a fortnight. Twice a year take down the whole contrivance and scald it outside and inside with boiling soda water. All manner of food keeps perfectly in it for years, and the best. Furthermore, things may be put in it while still warm. If they have to go into a tight, unventilated place, as a refrigerator, they must needs be stone cold, or they will get soggy and sour. Always set away the cooked things in uncovered dishes. Wire gauze dish covers will keep out dust and admit ventilation. They are, however, too costly for many purposes. A good substitute is a hoop or a wire story wire, with either cheesecloth or mosquito net sewed firmly over it. Make the hoops of sizes to fit all sorts of dishes, or, rather, of sizes to stand at such heights beyond the edges they must cover. The weight of the wire holds them well down. Every week drop the covers in a wash boiler with water and a little soda, boil for five minutes and dry in the sun.

Light and lime, the best of all anti-spores, are to be had, and to keep the fresh air closets airy. Hang a bag of quick-lime somewhere and change the contents as fast as the lime slackens. In country or suburban ring of air-slacked lime one inch wide and half an inch deep will keep them out of a dish holding food. They cannot crawl over a dish thickly dusted with powdered lime. But since they travel always by definite paths, it is well to tie the path and block it by a smear of coal or pine tar, applied, if possible outside the pantry. Save in freezing weather, keep fruits, vegetables, and cut flowers in the fresh air closet, and no one can stay there the year round. It is the place for such things as cheese, nuts, raisins, dates, and olives. All of these lose flavor or grow rank by keeping in a warm place, or in a place of great alternation of temperature.

COMPLETE ONLY IN HIM.

A Christian life is the only complete human life. A life that has not responded to the upward call of God, and begun to unfold in the likeness of Jesus Christ, is only the raw material for a true human life. It remains as it is, it represents an unfulfilled possibility, a life that has not responded to the upward call of God. It is a life that has not responded to the upward call of God. It is a life that has not responded to the upward call of God.

Your future depends upon what you do with your present chance.

THE GENERAL IN COPENHAGEN.

Enthusiastic Crowds Welcome
Him to Denmark's Capital.

REMARKABLE OPENING CON- GREGS.

This week we give a brief sketch of the General's remarkable welcome demonstration, and the soldiers' meeting on the Saturday night.

Next week we hope to conclude our report of the Continental campaign with a graphic description of the wonderful meetings held in the king's gardens on the Sunday.

THE RECEPTION.

IT is an historic waterway that separates Sweden from Denmark. Most of the events that figure prominently in the history of the two nations are in some way connected with its name, and numerous warriors of bloody fame have, in times gone by, crossed its waves on their fateful errands. Last Friday morning they carried once more the world's great Salvation General from east to coast, and they smiled in the sunshine as if conscious of the honor and privilege.

Perhaps they would have smiled anyway, but then that part of Copenhagen towards which the General's steamer headed plainly showed that it was thoroughly awake to the importance of the visit about to be paid it, and that it appreciated it in a manner which called for special manifestation; hence these swarms of people that lined the quay; hence those fluttering banners and glowing colors; hence these strains of music floating out on every breeze; these shouts and hallelujahs that pierced the air like feathered arrows; hence all this joy and affection that rolled out towards the steamer and gathered itself in a radiant welcome round the most conspicuous figure on its crowded deck—the figure of the veteran leader of the Salvation Army!

It was a beautiful moment when the General, fresh from Sweden's wonderful battleships, venerable but youthfully enthusiastic and forceful, stepped into the circle that opened for him so readily, and closed around him with such acclamations. Still more wonderful because of the fact that behind these banners stood the country's thousands, united in the same purpose—that the welcome which arose from this multitude found a ready echo throughout a people to whom the Army has meant, and still means, so much.

THE SOLDIERS' MEETING.

Saturday evening, the opening of the Copenhagen Congress, was a worthy beginning of what was to follow. It started by breaking one or two records—notably as to crowds. Never have so many soldiers thronged the splendid Copenhagen Temple as on this occasion. Had it been a rainy or otherwise disagreeable night, nobody might have been disappointed; but it was one of the hottest July evenings on record, and Major Marcusen, the Copenhagen D.O., who glories in seeing well-founded disbelief exploded, was radiant.

He was not the only one. There was plenty of shouting and enthusiasm—there always is in a Danish meeting—but there was something more. There was a splendid realization of tremendous responsibility from the moment the soldiers had caught a glimpse of their General's face, and felt the influence of his earnestness of his spirit. No body of the Copenhagen troops; and none are more eager to benefit to the utmost by his presence. Consequently, the meeting was, right from the beginning, a

BIBLE READINGS FROM JAMAICA

HAMAN, THE HANGMAN.

You have read the Book of Esther, if you've read your Bible through, And if not, you'd better read it, as the Lord would have you do. There are doubtless other lessons in it than this striking one— But when I have preached on "hanging," for the present I'll have done.

Mordecai was the uncle, you'll remember to have seen, And the king, Ahasuerus, was the husband of the queen; Haman was the king's lieutenant, and a great man of that day, Who disliked the Jewish people in a most vindictive way; And he got the king to hate them, for his highness never knew That his wife, the graceful Esther, was herself an Hebrew, too. So, urged on by Haman's dictation, Ahasuerus made decree That upon a certain morning every Jew should slaughtered be. How Queen Esther turned the tables you may in your Bibles read— And her uncle found "a friend in court" was now a "friend indeed." So the gallows built by Haman for his foe, Mordecai, Came in handy as a platform whereon he himself should die. In the first place, hanging's risky; if, for instance, Haman knew That his fifty-cubit gallows would be too short for the Jew, He would not have lost his labor, nor, it may be, lost his life, Nor let hatred in his bosom be encouraged by his wife. She it was who first suggested that the gallows should be made, And some friends the motion seconded—friends are seldom much afraid.



Hanging's risky. Do not try it. If there's one you do not like, And you know you are not spotless, do not be the first to strike; Do not build a gallows, either; build a barracks or a hall, Neither dig a pit for others into which perchance you'll fall. If you don't remember Haman, p'raps you may remember she Whom they caught and brought to Jesus when our Saviour said, said He, "Let him who knows he is sinless be the first to cast the stone." Then, when He had further written, He looked up—they were alone; "Where are those who had accused thee?" said He, rising from the floor. "They are gone," she said. Said Jesus: "Go away, and sin no more."

Secondly, then, hanging's hellish, Judas-like, and not of God, Far outside the regulations that our Saviour taught and trod; He said—oh, how we forget it—"If we only love," said He, "Those who love us and befriend us (our choice set) what thank have we. Do not burglars, thieves and robbers love those who will also thieve? Let us not, if we are Christians, with this cloak ourselves deceive. Let us not, with vain excuses, try to lower what is high, Nor forget that for our actions we must answer when we die.

Hanging's cowardly; if a sinner is "fast drifting down to hell," Is it not a cowardly action if we hang him first, as well? Would it not be better, comrade, if we led him up to Heaven, Though it meant oft to forgive him—ever up to "seventy-seven?" Think how we have grieved God's spirit, and have disobeyed him— Let us not be Christiau Shylocks; may God keep our memory green!

Lastly, this man-hanging business is too common nowadays— "I will silently blackball him," our most modern hangman says, For he's grown gentle and polished, but in heart is still the same; None the less like Haman Hangman, though he scorns this ancient name.

—Adj't. Phillips.

remarkable one. From every corner of the hall eager eyes hung on the lips of the General, as he spoke to them the message which had become to his own soul a consuming fire, and the influences that swayed the meeting became soon so powerful as to find expression in the faces of the listeners. Tears glistened in many eyes. In a corner a face was covered with trembling hands, and subdued sobs shook there a powerful frame. Needless to say that the closing scenes of a meeting of this description were far beyond the ordinary. The place around the penitent form became holy ground; the tears and sobs of repentance brought near the angels of mercy; the smiles and shouts of those who claimed the reward of their consecration filled the hall with heavenly joy, while the long processions of penitents and backsliders testified to the far-reaching influence of the meeting. As stated, it was a worthy beginning.

THE SHUT DOOR.

Adj't. Boggs.

"And they went in, male and female of all flesh, as God had commanded him, and the Lord shut him in."—Gen. vii. 16.

And the Lord shut him in. This was too great an undertaking for Noah. Perhaps if he had the doing of this, another chance might have been granted the people, and the ark that carried the hope of the world might have been swamped. It is God Who opens and shuts that door; and we never can tell just when our last chance for getting on board the Heavenly ark will come. Vengeance and recompense becometh unto God. And the Lord, Who shut Noah and his family into the ark, shut the others out. So it will be at the final judgment.

That was a sad day for those people who lived before the flood. They had rejected the invitation of Noah, and would not heed the call. But what a fearful weeping and wailing there will be when the Lord shuts the door of His mercy upon a world about to perish. Oh, sinner, take care. Your foot shall slide in due time, for the day of their calamity is at hand, and the things that shall come upon you."

Make Haste!

The ark was typical of Christ. He came when there was no hope for a lost world, and made a way of escape for every guilty, lost son and daughter of Adam's race. Through the open door of salvation we may all find that there is safety in the ark of God. But you neglect to get your heart cleansed by the blood, and spend your life in sin, the consequence of not being ready will be that the door of opportunity, repentance, mercy and salvation will be forever closed.

How safe Noah must have felt when the Lord shut him in, and we are safe when we know that Christ is at the helm. Have you stood beside the faithful dying soldier of the Cross as he neared the Jordan of death, and heard his last faint whisper that the everlasting arms were around him, and that he was soon to be eternally shut in with Christ forever? Hallelujah! There need not be one left behind, for Christ has bidden all mankind.

WHAT WEARS ONE OUT?

It is easier to be the pastor of a thousand workers than of ten droves. The sight of a dying church, or even a dull one, wears harder on a pastor than the most arduous toil for a living and growing church. It is not what we do, but what we fail to do, that wears us out.—Rev. T. L. Cuyler.

Fear God and you need not fear anything.

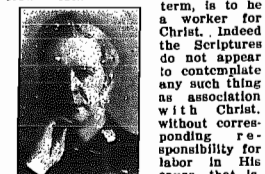
Don't be afraid to be misunderstood, but avoid it when possible.

STRONG DRINK IN RELATION TO WORK FOR CHRIST.

A Paper Read at the World's Temperance Congress.

BY W. BRAMWELL BOOTH, CHIEF OF THE INTERNATIONAL STAFF.

THE work of Christ, in its ultimate purpose, was the production of the greatest amount of happiness. The well-being of men lay at the foundation of His great sacrifice, and was equally the objective of His great example. Called to be co-workers with Him, we who accept His redeeming love and acknowledge His Kingship, are required to conform to His image ourselves, and to labor, in harmony with the same principles upon which He Himself works, for the good of others. To be a follower of Christ, in the New Testament conception of that



labor in the business of promoting the happiness of mankind.

But effective labor in any such cause involves both devotion to that cause and opposition to the forces which hinder it. The modern idea of the preservation of life, for example, supposes a changeless antipathy to disease on the part of the men to whom society has entrusted the interests of the public health. All progress, in that direction implies, not only a high estimate of the value of human life, but progress towards the

Complete Extermination

of disease-breeding centres, of infection-bearing agents, and of all the paraphernalia of poison-distributing media. The true love of liberty, also, is not merely a devotee of freedom in the abstract, extolling its joys, and singing its triumphs, but he is a biter and an opponent of slavery, of oppression, of human bondage in every form, in every clime, in every age; he passes over the supposed advantages which are incidentally claimed for it here and there, and fixing his attention on the principle of evil, which it is the incarnation, he loathes it, sets himself to resist it, and will only be satisfied when it has been exterminated root and branch.

This principle holds in all human progress, and it holds in work for Christ, not only because it is the nature of things reasonable and necessary, but because it is in harmony with His own character. The idea of His assenting to the theories or forces which oppose His standards of right and right, is inconceivable. That He could have consented to profit, even in His holy mission, by any dabbling with the Roman or Jewish iniquity which prevailed around Him, is inconceivable. A moment's acquaintance compels us to acknowledge with reverence, that with Him

Compromise Was as Impossible as Crime.

Next in importance, and in unending influence on mankind to His death on the cross, was the lofty and inflexible moral standard He erected in sight of a selfish and compromising world. And if this be true of Him, it must be true of those who really follow Him. He has called them to be co-operators with Him. He set up a human society or church—or, as I prefer to call it, an Army—for the declared purpose of carrying on the work He began. His whole conception of that church involves a union of men and women, not only devoted to His person, but only striving after high moral attainments themselves, not merely

even girded to suffer for His name, but of men and women united in a passion of service for those who are ignorant of His power and outside His fold. Go and preach My Gospel to every creature, He said;—Go and despoil all nations; Go and know nothing among men but Me and My words; Go and pull men out of the fire; Go and lift Me up, and I will draw them to God; and by this service will he realized His great will of benevolence and His high purpose in the holiness and blessedness of men.

Among the forces arrayed

Against the Happiness of Mankind,

I think that even our opponents will agree that strong drink occupies a leading place. For myself, I do not hesitate to say that it is responsible for more crime, for more poverty, for

more disease, for more premature death, for more moral degradation, and for more sin against God, than all the wars and slaveries of the world put together. The universal judgment of thoughtful and responsible men pronounces upon it and its intemperate use a unanimous verdict of guilty to the most awful indictment ever brought against any form of evil. The churches themselves have proved it the most fruitful source of weakness and backsliding, and the members who have been lost to their communions by its agency, are perhaps as great as the whole number of those which have remained behind. Not content with the conquests of the moment, it provides that its victims pass on to future generations the seeds of a frightful harvest. The children, and the children's children—yes, to the third and fourth generation—statured in their physical powers and

Marred in Their Moral Nature.

grow up to curse it. To be cursed again, and to pass on the curse once more.

But as all this is admitted, I will not insist upon its adding proof. One insight almost declares that the content within groans in proof of the enormity of that burden of misery which the drink and the drink traffic have laid upon us.

(To be continued.)

JUSTIFICATION.

By J. A. WOOD.

What is justification? Justification is pardon or forgiveness. Sin is a violation of law, and is a capital offence. "The wages of sin is death." Justification is that governmental act of God's grace, which solves the penitent sinner from all past guilt, and removing the penalty of violated law. It precedes regeneration, and is by faith. The penitent sinner believes on the Lord Jesus Christ, as God pardons his sins, remits the punishment they deserve, receives him into favor and fellowship, and treats him as though he had not sinned. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Can a state of justification be retained while sin is committed?

It cannot. "He that committeth sin is of the devil." The commission of sin negatives the justified state, and any professing Christian who lives in the commission of sin, is a sinner and not a saint. "He that saith, I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar." "We know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not; whosoever committeth sin transgresseth also the law." "In this (committing sin or otherwise) the children of God are manifest and the children of the devil."

All sin is forbidden, and he who commits sin is "of the devil." No state of grace admits of committing sin. A state of justification implies freedom from the guilt of sin by pardon, and freedom from the commission of sin by renewing. "The born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God."

The lowest type of a Christian sinneth not, and is not condemned. The highest type of a Christian is salvation from sin. The maximum is salvation from pollution—the inclination to sin.

What Others Say About It.

1. Mr. Wesley says: "But even babes in Christ are so far perfect as not to commit sin." We all agree and earnestly maintain: "He that committeth sin is of the devil!" We agree, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin."—Sermon on "Sin in Believers."

2. Rev. Luther Lee says: "No man can believe with the heart unto righteousness, and so as to obtain justification, while living in the practice of any known sin, and in the neglect of any known duty. . . . The moment he does what he knows to be a sin, or neglects what he knows to be a duty, by which he is justified, he loses his hold upon God, and he loses

his justification. . . . Justification, which is by faith alone, carries with it entire submission and obedience to God. . . . The will is right at the moment of regeneration, and it must remain right, or wifful sin will be the result, and justification will be lost."—Lee's Theology, p. 191.

3. Rev. Timothy Merritt says: "The word of God plainly declares that those who are born again, even in the lowest sense, do not continue in sin; that they cannot live any longer therein."—Christian Manual.

4. "The continuance of the justified state," says Bishop Peck, "implies obedience in intention to all the requirements of the Gospel, the law of progress ('grow in grace'), and the law of purity ('be ye holy'), included."—Central Idea, p. 59.

5. Rev. Alfred Barnes says: "No man can be a Christian who voluntarily indulges in sin, or in what he knows to be wrong."—Notes on II. Corinthians, chap. 7.

Received and Retained by Faith.

The conditions of receiving justification and of retaining it are the same. Christ is received by penitential submission and faith. "As ye have therefore received Jesus Christ the Lord, so walk ye in Him." Justification cannot be retained with less consecration and faith than that by which it was received.

Conscious confidence and conscious guilt cannot co-exist in the same heart. There is a vital union between justifying faith and an obedient spirit. While obedience and faith perfect, disobedience destroys it. Salvation is by appropriating faith, and such faith or trust can be exercised only when there is a consciousness of complete surrender to God. A justified state can exist only in connection with a serious, honest intention to obey all the commands of God.

The standard of justification is too low among many professors of religion. He should ever be borne in mind that he cannot commit sin without forfeiting justification and laying the foundation for repentance from dead works. There must be a continued obedience to all the known will of God, if we would retain His favor.

The commission of sin, any sin, is inconsistent with supreme love to God. If we love God supremely (and not to do it is idolatry), we cannot knowingly disobey Him, for the sake of pleasing ourselves. Whom we supremely love we desire to please, and

all sin is an offence against the law of love.

We should make a distinction, to some extent, between sin committed by deliberate thought and set purposes, and sin committed by sudden impulse, under strong distraction and temptation.

Are obedience and disobedience units in their spirit and root?

Eternal Antagonisms.

They are; and they are eternal antagonisms.

1. The real spirit of disobedience is ever one and the same, the same for every precept, for all times, and for all circumstances. Each sin alike is a violation of the same obligations, outrages the same law, insults the same Law-giver, evinces the same rebellion of spirit, and incurs the same fearful curse denounced against the law-breaker. "Whosoever will keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." (James ii. 10.)

2. The real spirit of obedience is ever one and the same, the same for every precept, the same for all times, and for all circumstances. The spirit of true obedience has regard to God's supreme authority, and involves submission of the whole soul to that authority. Every act of real obedience has reference to the same obligations, regard for the same law, respect to the same Law-giver, evinces the same submissive spirit, and secures the same glorious reward in the divine favor and blessing. Hence, he who has the true spirit of obedience as to one precept of the law, has it as to all the rest. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." (Luke xvi. 10.)

3. The law of God is essentially a unit. It is such, in so much that he who breaks any one precept breaks the law—insults the Law-giver, and avows disregard of His authority. The unitary character of the law resides equally in every precept, so that he who disobeys any single precept disobeys God, and strikes a blow which takes effect against the whole law. God's law is one, a unitary interest and relationship exist between all the precepts, so that we cannot honor and obey one part, while we are dishonoring and trampling down another part. "He that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much." (Luke xvi. 10.)

4. Total abstinence from all sin is the only practicable rule of life. To sin in one thing, and to really obey God in another at the same time, is utterly impossible. All true obediences and justifications regard to divine authority, and he who has it, cannot knowingly disregard or reject that authority. God forbids all sin. Every precept of the law has an equal obligation. Any disobedience rejects and insults divine authority, and lays the foundation for universal disobedience.

A spirit of disobedience in the heart, in regard to any item of God's will, vitiates for the time any true obedience, hence, real obedience and disobedience in another thing, cannot exist at the same time. The soul under the pressure of distraction of powerful temptation, as already stated, may occasionally be a sinner, while still he may really obey God in all things. "I worship Thee, sweet will of God! As a slave Thy word adore. And every day I live I seem To love Thee more and more."—Faber.

GOD'S PURPOSE.

The one purpose which, above all others, God holds dear—that by which, in the counsels of His heart, He sanctifies Himself to be greater than all other purposes, is the reduction of all hostile territory of His universe—the subjection of every recalcitrant spiritual unit—whosoever and whatsoever found; by the methods of love as the primary means, and by the methods of wrath as the alternative means. This is, so far as the wisest can see, God's ultimate purpose, that upon which He has set His heart—toward which the groaning creation labeth.

In recipes for happiness goodness must always be the principal ingredient.

The Army's 36th Anniversary Celebrated in Exeter Hall.

A Message Read from the General—Addresses by Commissioner Coombs and Commissioner Nicol.



Bought in humility to recognize His great favour, and we are with unceasing gratitude to adore Him for what He has accomplished by us for the world's welfare. If we do not, we may expect the stones in every city where our Flag is flying to cry out against us. Let us be careful to magnify His work, and to give Him all the praise."—(Extract from General's Message read by Commissioner Coombs).

It would be idle to deny that we did not miss The General or the Chief of the Staff at Exeter Hall last Monday, when the North London Province, with Commissioner Coombs at its head, took possession of it for the purpose of carrying out the spirit of the above counsel. On the other hand, instead of being an exhibition of Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. It was one of the Army's strongest Provinces in England celebrating the Army's thirty-six years' triumphant warfare. And the other hand, the name, name, and leader was the event. "By far the most interesting and surprising combination of talent consecrated to the War that has been seen in Exeter Hall for many a day; such, in paraphrase, as the only one heard of the meeting from all quarters of the Province during the week.

THE CELEBRATION WAS WELL PLANNED

and took a three-fold form. First came a march of five hundred officers and Cadets from Broad Street Station to Exeter Hall via the Bank of England, Royal Exchange, Mansion House, Cannon Street, Ludgate Hill, and Fleet Street. Seen, as we saw it, from the garden-seat of a west-going bus, the long column of dark blue, illuminated by white-helmeted bandmen and flags—the latter looking bright against the grey walls of the City and the sombre stream of humanity through which our procession glided with the gracefulness and order of a swarm—evidently made a deep impression.

Of late, many processions have passed through the good and ancient London town, adorned by the gold sticks of drum-majors and enthused by the catching spirit of military glory, but here was one piping the sweet strains of peace, waving the Colours of a bloodless conquest, with its regiment of dainty (women) Soldiers, who pass in and out every day of their lives the dogmas of disease, dirt, and drunkenness, and another regiment in training for the evangelization of the earth with the sword of the Son of Man: and if salvation of the soul is not exactly hailed by the plaintiffs of the merchant prince and the city clerk, nothing was lacking in respect.

PEOPLE WHISPERED ABOUT IT

with a familiarity born of sincere regard and encouragement, and though it was six o'clock when the procession ducked its head under the railway arch at Ludgate Circus—a time when the rush to the trains is going on—yet we did not observe a scowl on one face.

The second part of the Celebration centred in the meeting itself—a meeting which will form a landmark for several minor developments in the demonstration-line in the future. The big hall was

JAMMED WITH SOLDIERS AND FRIENDS

of the corps. The platform was reduced to permit of a half-circle for certain Junior evolutions. The Rank, the Chalk Farm, and Wood Green Bands were massed between the grand organ and the first row of chairs.

Huge posters announcing Divisional, as distinct from the Provincial, demonstrations purposely marred the background. Junior Soldiers and members of Bands of Love filled the line of chairs in the semi-circle, at their feet being hoops, dumb-bells, and other instruments of service. On the east wing of the orchestra sat Corps Cadets, and the Manor Park Songsters; on the west, Cadets from Clapton and Headquarters Officers. There was a

FINE MUSTER OF STARS AND CRESTS

on the seats of honor, and Commissioner Coombs and Colonel Whatmore had just cause to be proud of the gathering from this, as, indeed, from nearly every point of view. From the exultant and vociferous reception of Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs and Colonel and Mrs. Whatmore to the Benediction, there was not a dull moment or an observable hitch in the programme. The programme was framed upon the plan of a living—not canvas or theatrical—panorama of the Army's progress in song, music, exercise, instruction, and salvation.

How like the radical in us to begin with the "Old Hundredth," and warp "Thank God I'm saved!" (tune "The Anchor's Weighed," while the refrain was electrified by a forest of hands. There were only four addresses, all short and practical. In a few well-chosen words, Commissioner Coombs congratulated the Province upon its position, described the Army's advance, voiced the cry of The Army for



Commissioner Nicol.

a universal baptism of soul-saving energy, and then, considering himself happy as well as honored in having a message to read from The General, the British Commissioner put his hand gently but authoritatively on the programme.

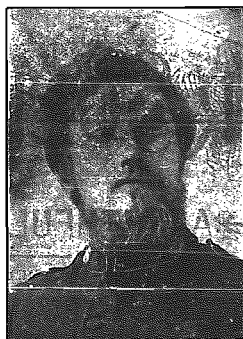
Colonel Whatmore—whose recognition was intended to show, and showed without any mistake, how

DELIGHTED THE NORTH LONDON SOLDIERS

were that they, with their P.O. were under the hall—had to tell a story; or rather say something that was as good as a story. In effect, the Colonel said:

"This is our thanksgiving night for our Thirty-sixth Birthday. I thank you all. (Volleys.) I thank our Commissioner, Commissioner Rees, Mrs. Colonel Hay, the bands, etc., etc. The word thanksgiving divides itself into two parts. The first part is 'thanks'—I have performed; the latter part 'giving'—you must perform!" (Loud and prolonged volleys.)

Mrs. Colonel Hay—who dipped under the rail, and walked to the edge of the semi-circle in front of the leader's desk, that she might be seen and



Commissioner Coombs.

heard—touched the vital chord in the heart of the meeting.

It was a noble, yet humorous anniversary appeal for a flesh-and-blood consecration in the spirit of love for the salvation of men. "Not," she cried, "in namby-pamby surrender—made to-day and taken back to-morrow; not a consecration that breaks down at the first sight of one of those respectable insects (Mrs. Hay employed, in round Scottish brogue, the less refined word 'flea') you occasionally find in a chapel or barracks, but one that is prepared to wade through dirt and squalor, or vermin for the salvation of sinners."

With the thermometer at eighty-six degrees in the hall, the significance of the London Slum leader's demand was strengthened, nay, rather appreciated. The little warrior got a terrific volleys of encouragement as she sat down.

Owing to the worn condition of the Commissioner's and his Chief Secretary's throats, Commissioner Nicol was asked to give "the call to arms," and in a few, clear, ringing words portrayed the country rolling down to perdition in stream of drink and corruption. For answer, he pointed to the Flag, with its colors representing the only principles worth living for and fighting for.

But what of the meeting itself? Well, that part of the celebration is soon told, inasmuch as it only requires us to state its leading features, and to repeat that whether it was felt, seen, or heard, it was not far off perfection.

The bands already referred to did justice to the fifteen thousand comrades whom they represented.

"Our Homeland," sent the mighty throng into a rhapsody of salvation. Mrs. Eleanora Starr, Bandman Carley, Ensign Maxwell, and Sister Croker, represented England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales in songs, the standard of which may safely be copied by our soloists everywhere.

To the Juniors, Young People and Corps-Cadets the lion's share of the honors deservedly belonged.

The Platoon Juniors, under Sergt. Hudson, the Chalk Farm Y. P. L., under Sec. Clark, the Islington Brigade, under Sister A. Williams, and the Corps-Cadets, led by Brigadier Tait, all did their

WORK WITHOUT FUSS AND STAGEISMS.

Simple, natural, and spiritual in look and dress, their exhibitions of song and drill were positively r-freshing. Corps-Cadet Juniors and Juniors Ada Hearne and Ada Clarke deserve honorable mention.

Regent Hall Quartette's singing of "My soul is now united," brought the musical part of the anniversary very fittingly to a close. The Quartette is now one of the finest testimonies to pure Salvationism in North London. All apparently "as young as ever," they have each done on an average seventeen years' Salvation service. They are not a mere money-making or performing brigade. They are simply four hard-working men with sanctified hearts and lips, who slug and blow for Jesus.

We refer elsewhere to the hearty singing of the Manor Park Songsters. We have left the third, but by no

means the least important, part of the night to the finish. It consists of a double-barrelled charge. One, in the General's stirring message, which appeared in last week's Cry. It was broadcast in a spirit which, once a day, for nearly thirty years out of his life—with the result "that my heart became as hard as the stones of my prison walls."—"Yes, yes," we exclaimed, "it's a move and more, and still more, of salvation that we need."

The meeting lasted two and a-half hours, and only seemed as many minutes.

CAUGHT IN LOVE'S TRAP

Some three months ago a policeman noticed amongst the women who frequented the common lodging-houses, a young girl about seventeen or eighteen years of age. Her general appearance was so different from the rest that the kind-hearted policeman said to her:

"You have no business to be in a common lodging-house; why are you here?"

She then gave him an inkling into her story, which, by the way, was a very common one. She didn't like her situation, left it, and found herself stranded on the streets of Liverpool, ashamed to go to her home at Run-

ce. The policeman told the story to the Slum Officers, and an amiable conspiracy was devised. The plot amounted to this: The Slum Officers should write to the parents, tell them where their daughter was, and that on a given date they would receive a telegram from the officers saying that the daughter was at the Slum barracks. The policeman was to find out the girl and tell her that the "Sisters" would like her to come and have a cup of tea with them.

The girl fell into the gentle trap, came to the Slum barracks, and during the progress of the meal one of the officers slipped out and sent a telegram to the parents.

The telegraphic message was sent at seven o'clock, and although the father had to travel thirteen miles by train, and had considerable distance to walk, at half-past eight he presented himself at the little Slum barracks.

He entered the room where his wayward daughter sat. As soon as her eyes fell upon his well-known features with heart-piercing accents she cried out, "Oh, my father!" and rushed to the loving arms that were outstretched to receive her.

There were tears of joy shed by both father and daughter. A complete reconciliation took place, and that night the erring daughter, forgiven by her parents and by God, slept once more beneath the home roof-tree.

FOUND EACH OTHER.

One of our soldiers in Philadelphia advertised through the Mising Column of the War Cry, for his mother, of whom he had lost all trace, though he supposed her to be somewhere in France. For some time no answer was forthcoming, but recently a letter was received from the Field Secretary of our French Headquarters stating that he had found her. He had been proved fruitless, until one night a woman knelt at the penitent form of one of our corps there, who proved to be the very one they were searching for. The Field Secretary immediately requested the Army authorities there to find her son for her, not knowing that he was searching for her. Both are now happy in the knowledge of each other's welfare and salvation.

Our deeds are like children that are born to us; they live and act apart from our own will. Nay, children may be saved, but their deeds never, they have an indestructible life both in and out of our consciousness.



Daily Readings.

SUNDAY.

Hosea iv. 1-9.—In returning to God, Israel is urged to bring with it words of earnest supplication, words of holy pleading, and words of self-reproach. The fruit of our lips, which means the fruit of our lips, which is a choice Hebrew phrase (Isaiah lvii. 19). The fruit is, of course, praise and thanksgiving, or vows of obedience (Psalm 134; 135; 136, 33). Our lips shall utter His God's forgiving grace, they shall talk to Him, speak of Him before men, and shall, in concert with our hearts and in connection with our lives, be His glory and His praise. He will smite those sins against the theocracy of which the prophet had accused him—viz., trust in Assyria and reliance on horses and chariots. In response, the Lord will give the imagery reminds us of the Song of Songs, especially the references to the lily and to Lebanon. The image of the lily suggests beauty and perfection, while the Lebanon speaks of purity. To cause this, the Lord will be to them as the night-mist. The graces of the Spirit are the hidden dew. The more we depend upon Christ, and the more we are drawn from the more beautiful and steadfast our life shall be.

MONDAY.

Joel 1:20.—This chapter contains a description of a lamentable devastation made of the country of Judah by locusts and by drought. The Lord exhorts the people to rebuke sin. He here has no need to create new agencies; there are myriads awaiting His command. Locusts will execute His word. The scope of retribution is beyond human imagination. God's weak things are strong enough to work mischief to the strong. Man's weakness is shown by little creatures. This retribution was merciless, and left no sign of vegetable life. Sometimes the word of God is like a sword, cutting off the branches of the soul, but all with merciful design to lead it to repentance. From this day's portion we are taught (1) that the Lord is the author of all calamities; (2) that the retributive agents of God are countless in number and effective in equipment; (3) that the Lord is the Father of its people, and its inhabitants of its joy.

TUESDAY.

Joel II. 1-14.—The judgment written in the law (Deut. xxvii. 42), "The fruit of thy land shall the locusts consume," is here being fulfilled. What a graphic description we have of God's army of locusts. There is no simile like it in the Bible or in Greek. None can describe the wrath of God or make headway against it, or bear up under its weight (1 Sam. vi. 20; Ps. lxxvi. 7). In the 12-14 verses we find the prophet turns from his stern message to one more winning and appealing. He asks the people to show the readiness of God to pardon the apostate nation if it will but turn to Him with a sincere and contrite heart. Rend your heart and not your garments, means not only your garments but your heart. Repentance for sin is a new heart, rending the old which is inward, and includes true sincerity and genuine sorrow.

WEDNESDAY.

Joel II. 15-27.—In the first three verses we have a nation urged to a meeting truly penitential. From this we learn that national assemblies should be called together to confess sin before God; that the maintaining of the credit of the nation among its

By J. H. MERRETT.

" Watchman.—One who watches ; a guard."—Dictionary.

THE duties and responsibilities of a watchman vary according to the nature of his occupation, and the value of the property placed in his care. The one main qualification in every case is faithfulness, and only inasmuch as the person possesses it is he to be relied upon, or will his service prove acceptable. On the other hand, to be unfaithful in such a position, not only disqualifies the man, but too often endangers the lives of others, and causes disaster and destruction.

Unfaithful Watchmen.

I once had of a pilot who carelessly allowed his vessel to run upon the rocks, wrecking the ship, and causing a terrible loss of life. In one of the factories in our city, a negligent watchman allowed fire to gain such a head that it consumed thousands of dollars' worth of goods, and for a time to endanger the whole establishment. A milkman was driving home after his morning delivery, when, through the false signal of the light, he was warned to stop. He was in front of a train and was hurled into eternity. During a recent campaign a sentry fell asleep at his post, allowing the enemy to surprise the camp, kill or capture his comrades,

These are only a few passing instances of unfaithfulness in watchmen, showing the disastrous results, but none of them to be compared with the one other class of watchmen I wish to refer to, nor such a calamity as inevitably follows the neglect of duty in their case. Never has a more solemn charge been given, nor a more sacred duty assigned to man, than that described in Ezekiel III. 17, "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore hear the word at My mouth, and give them warning from Me." Yet this is the position in which every truly

neighbors a blessing to be desired and prayed for by all its inhabitants. Deliverance from peril takes away from the enemy the opportunity of reproaching the Divine name; forbids them saying in taunting language, "The Lord is here, and he will deliver us." When we obey the mischievous God, the earth becomes a wilderness, but when they obey God, the earth becomes an Eden, a veritable garden of the Lord. There is no more sorrow (verse 20), there is no more death (verse 22), there is superabundance (verse 19), there is joy (verse 21), there is real satisfaction (verse 25), and there is praise (verse 26). This is an ideal state of society, and it is the only one possible in the love of the eternal God.

THURSDAY.

Joel II, 28-II, 3.—The prophet, having spoken of temporal blessings, now speaks of spiritual blessings, of which the temporal is but a type. We are not at a loss about the meaning of the promise (verses 28-30), nor in doubt to what it refers, and wherein it had its accomplishment. The Apostle Peter has given us an explanation and application of it, assuring us that when the Spirit was poured out upon the apostles on the day of Pentecost (Acts II), it was the very same Spirit which was spoken of here by the prophet (Acts II, 15-21). The time, the author, the extent, and the effect of the outpoured Spirit, are

converted man or woman is placed towards their fellow-men, and just in proportion to their opportunities is their responsibility. In the verses following the one above quoted, Ezekiel very clearly defines his God-given commission, and the results following either the faithful or unfaithful discharge of his duty.

How potent it is, then, that every minister and layman, every officer and soldier, should have a right conception of their position, and the nature of their call. The apostle Paul described thus: "For we are saved by God's sweet savor of Christ; in them that are saved, and in them that perish. To the one we are the savor of life unto life; and to the other the savor of death unto death." Well indeed might the Apostle add, "And who is sufficient for these things?" And certain indeed ought we to be that we cannot do this. "For we are not as many, which corrupt the word of God, as some have corrupted, saying, The sign of God speak us in Christ."

The duties of a watchman in Israel are varied, and not always a pleasant character—in fact, the position is so trying that it requires a man of real courage. We can easily call it a thankless job. Watchman Moses required a great deal of patience in his dealings with the Children of Israel. In one instance we find him facing a vast multitude, almost all of whom were his most in danger of his life; yet he was faithful to his trust, and when God gave him a message he delivered it straight to the people, without flinching. Lord. At another time Moses was up in the moment receiving his instructions from God, and because he was a little longer than they would wait, he thought the Lord was rebelling against God, with Aaron as their leader, and went to worship a golden calf. And what did Moses do? Then Moses stood in the thick of the battle, on the one side the Lord's side, let him come utterance, and all the sons of Levi gathered

clearly brought before us. The gift of the Spirit is not limited. It is for all flesh. The word poor speaks of a mighty shower, even as copiously as the rain after the prayer of Elijah. "Yours sons and daughters," etc., does not limit the application of the promise, but simply gives examples of those who shall realize it, and the effect it will have upon them. Do we know anything about this promise?

FRIDAY.

Joel III, 21.—The prophet derides the victory which the church should gain over its enemies, and also the prosperity, joy, and purity which will be the result. The prophet also gives a very graphic picture of the future glory of the people of God.—Three things are here promised:—purity, plenty, and perpetuity. Purity is the result of the redemption of the soul. It is the ground and foundation of the rest. The church shall be all fair without spot, wrinkle, or blemish. So plentiful is the blessing, that the sides of the mountain shall be glad, the Valley of Shittim, which lay a great way off from Jerusalem on the other side of Jordan, and was a dry and barren place, shall be glad, and the fountains of places of society shall be awakened into moral verdure by the advent of the life-giving stream. Furthermore, they shall never be led again into captivity, and shall be eternally free. Their enemies shall be despised.

themselves unto him." And then Moses gave another great proof of his faithfulness. "And he said unto them, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, put every man his sword by his side according to the word of the Lord God of Israel: to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor. And the children of Israel did according to the word of the Lord. And Moses and there fell of the people that day about three thousand men. For Moses had said: Consecrate yourselves to-day to the Lord, even every brother his brother, and upon every brother that he may bestow on you a blessing this day. What a contrast to some of the watchmen to-day! Not one message for his brother and neighbor for the stranger. What a contrast to this and yet another for that. No! no! One name for sin, no matter who committed it. One punishment for all—brother as for son, for mother as for daughter, for companion as for stranger. No distinction as for danger for friend or foe, for the respect of the rich more for the poor, nor of the high than low, and if the same spirit of faithfulness were shown to-day, what a revolution would take place in the church of God!

Do we want the church to grow, and the Army to flourish? Then let the watchmen do as Moses did, and the true Christian and soldier do as did the sons of Levi. Gird on your swords, and slay sin wherever found—whether in brother or son, husband or wife, sister or friend. Then will God bestow upon us His blessing, and the world will know there is still a God in Israel. And I might tell further of Moses' record. "And Moses verily

Was Faithful in All His House

as a servant, for a testimony or those things which were spoken after." But space will not permit of more than a mention of Joshua, with his faithful report of the promised land, and his courageous dealings with the children of Israel; of Watchman Isaiah, with his fearless warnings; of Watchman Jeremiah's thunderings of judgment; mingled with tears; of Watchman Ezekiel's stinging reproaches; of Watchman Daniel in the palace of Darius; or Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, in the presence of Nebuchadnezzar. But they were all true to their God, and truthful in their dealings with men.

Then might mention Watchman Paul, with his heart-searching writings; Watchman Peter, with his conscience-awakening preaching; Watchman John, with his loving, but uncompromising message, and Watchman James, who said: "These were faithful watchmen, giving forth no uncertain sound of the trumpet." May God awaken His watchmen to a true sense of their responsibility; save our people from a mistaken love which excites in our friends and relatives, in our comrades and soldiers, things which we condemn in strangers. Sin is sin against God, and what will damn a man for whose sake these religion will most assuredly damn a soul who does, if he persisted in knowingly and wilfully

"And thou, son of man, be not afraid of them, neither be afraid of their words. . . . Be not afraid of their words, nor be dismayed at their looks, though they be a rebellious house."
 "And thou shalt speak my words unto them, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear; for they are most rebellious."
 "But thou, son of man, hear what I say unto thee: Be not thou rebellious like that rebellious house; open thy mouth and eat that I give thee."

Remember poor, unfaithful Jonah.



King Edward's Bereavements.

The latest bereavement that has befallen the King is the death of his sister, Empress Frederick of Germany, the mother of the present German Emperor, who died at Cronberg, on Aug. 5th. While her death has for some time been expected, yet it came as a surprise. This is another one in the long list of bereavements of the King, who has lost, during the last twelve months, not only his mother—Queen Victoria—but his brother, the Duke of Coburg; his nephew, Prince Christian Victor; and now his sister, to whom he was devotedly attached. The King and Queen will be present at the funeral of the Empress Frederick, at Potsdam.

South African Situation.

Boer Commandant Freneman's son was killed near Winberg, and important papers were found on his person. —The British have also captured a large colony of twenty wagons, in Orange River Colony. —The recently-erected British block-houses for the protection of railway lines have proved successful in repulsing Boer attacks. —Ex-President Steyn has sent a letter into the British lines under the flag of truce. —The population of Orange River Colony, which, before the war, was seventy-five thousand, are thus disposed of: In refugee camps, thirty-five thousand; prisoners, ten thousand; living in towns held by the British, seventeen thousand; still at large, thirteen thousand. —The Boers are again invading the Barkly West District. —Five hundred Boers, who have invaded Portuguese Territory, are reported to be committing depredations. —Mr. Kruger is still of the opinion that the Boers will be ultimately victorious. —Lord Kitchener reports the murder of a wounded yeoman and some natives in the employ of the British, by Boers. —The War Office has stated that the cost of the war in South Africa for four months, ending July 31st, was thirty-five million seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds. —The British had a sharp engagement with the Boers under Commandant Viljoen. The British captured a gun, thirty-two prisoners, and twenty-two wagons. —The British Parliament is asked to grant thirty-two and a-half million dollars for the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, to aid them in recuperating from the effects of the war. Fifteen million of this will be considered in advance to be repaid out of the first loan issued by the colonies.

Miscellaneous Memos.

Seventy-four deaths from small-pox took place in New York State during June.

Forest fires in Cumberland, N. S. have destroyed one thousand acres of timber.

The first day's business at the Vancouver assay office resulted in ten thousand dollars' worth of gold being assayed.

The turnkey, at Toledo, Ohio, jail was held up by armed prisoners, locked in a cell, and four prisoners walked out.

The Chinese Emperor has issued an edict providing for the re-organization of the Chinese Foreign Office.

Twelve thousand dock laborers, etc., are on strike at San Francisco, and the business of that port is at a standstill.

The British Government is considering the securing of the most favorable nation treaty for Canadian products in Germany.

Twenty-seven thousand designs for federal flags has been submitted to the Australian Government.

Two thousand handlooms left on a special train for Manitoba.

The recent naval manoeuvres in the English Channel resulted in the enemy capturing the defensive fleet. Quite a few vessels were damaged during the operations.

Revolutionary songs were sung by the Socialists in the Belgian Chamber of Deputies, on account of the President refusing to put a motion for adjournment.

The royalty of the gold output for the Yukon for the month of June amounted to over one hundred thousand dollars.

A big Protestant meeting in St. James Hall, London, protested against any change in the King's accession declaration.

It is expected that the King will visit Ireland next April, to open the International Exhibition in Cork.

A British and German expedition have started simultaneously for the Antarctic Ocean, bound upon discovery and scientific investigations.

The continued depredation committed by Turkish troops along the northern boundary has caused the Austrian Government to place its garrison along the Turkish frontier upon war footing.

Great excitement exists among the Albanians, at Pristina. The Chinese are reported to be in a desperate condition on account of the repeated raids of Turkish troops and mobs.

Violent Boer placards have been posted at Canting, near the Ch'ian-ch'ian canal. The destruction of foreigners if the imposition of the house tax is enforced.

A woman and two men were taken from jail and lynched at Corrollaton, Louisiana. They were suspected of murder.

A lot of Indians, from the Canadian Wolpe islands reserve, employed on the sugar beet farms in Michigan, were deported by the alien labor inspector.

The revolution in Columbia is progressing. The Government has been unable to man the gunboat, and the rebels are reported to be successful everywhere.

The manufacture of war material is said to be very active in China, and the attitude of China is sullen and defined.

A big gold strike has been made on the Rand. A Johannesburg despatch states that the men who got rich struck at a depth of four thousand eight hundred feet.

The South American Republics, Columbia and Venezuela, are at war. The former invaded the latter's territory, but was repulsed with a loss of nine hundred men. The end of the conflict was disputed boundary claims.

The dredging company picked up a sixty-pound nugget in the Saskatchewan River, near Edmonton, valued at thirteen hundred dollars.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has offered to give one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the erection of a free library in Montreal.

Territorial Newslets

Rumours of weddings are in the air. There are Ensigns —, and Adjutants, and Captain, and —, but this is rather early to disclose names. Watch the "dear old Cry" for further news.

One of the weddings will be celebrated at the Dufferin Grove. It concerns two well-known officers.

Nine prisoners held up their hands for prayer at the recent Saturday afternoon meeting, conducted by Staff-Captain Archibald.

Have you planned your Harvest Festival yet? "The early bird, etc." proverb is all right.

Mrs. Major Horn is very unwell. Her health has been unsatisfactory for some considerable time, and causes much concern to the Major.

Holiday season has thinned out the ranks of the T. H. Q. Staff, but there are still a few left of us to push the old chaplog along, until our comrades return with redoubled vigor.

Adjutant James Adams, who has been at Muskoka to recuperate his health, continues very poorly. We earnestly request the prayers of our comrades on his behalf.



THE GENERAL

WILL CONDUCT THE
ANNUAL CONGRESS

AT

TORONTO,

October 23rd to 31st, 1901.

THE COMMISSIONER

will conduct

Special Tent Meetings

in

DUFFERIN GROVE, TORONTO,

SEPTEMBER 10th to 16th.

Watch for Detailed Announcements.

THE

Annual Harvest Festival

Will be Celebrated

In Every Corps

THROUGHOUT THE TERRITORY

from

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21st,

to

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24th.

The Red-Hot Revivalists,

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE AND STAFF.

CAPT. MANTON,

will visit Hamilton I., from Sat.,

Aug. 31, to Mon., Sept. 9, inclusive.

Spiritual Specials.

MAJOR GALT AND CAPT. LEDREW

will visit Belleville, Aug. 31 to Sept. 10; Deseronto, Sept. 13 to Sept. 23; Nanapanee, Sept. 25 to Oct. 7.

E. O. and O. Province.

Major Turner

Will visit *St. Albans, Fri., Aug. 16;

*Burlington, Sat., Sun., Mon., and

Tues., Aug. 17, 18, 19, 20; Barrs,

Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 21, 22; St.

Johnsbury, Thurs., Aug. 23; Newport,

Fri., Aug. 30; Sherbrooke, Sat. and

Sun., Aug. 31, Sept. 1; Quebec, Mon.,

Sept. 2; Montreal, Tues., Sept. 3.

Mrs. Turner will accompany the

Major at all these places, and Staff-

Capt. Burditt at the places marked

with a star.

West Ontario Province.

STAFF-CAPT. RAWLING,

Accompanied by Donald McMillan,

will visit Palmerston, Fri., Aug. 16;

Lindsay, Sat. and Sun., Aug. 17, 18;

Wingham, Mon., Aug. 19; Blyth,

Tues., Aug. 20; Goderich, Wed., Aug. 21;

Clinton, Thurs., Aug. 22; Sea-

forth, Fri., Aug. 23; Stratford, Sat.

and Sun., Aug. 24, 25.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Cadet Daynton, Winnipeg Training Garrison, to be Probationary Lieutenant at Portage la Prairie.

Appointments—

ADJT. DEAN, Brandon, to Rat Portage.
ENSIGN BURTON, Rat Portage, to Moose Jaw.
ENSIGN TAYLOR, Calgary, to Devil's Lake.
ENSIGN MAY, Everett, to Billings Corps and East Montana District.

Marriage—

Capt. A. A. Crego, who came out of Kinnmount, 10-1-95, last stationed at Campbellford, to Capt. E. V. Christopher, who came out from Kinnmount, 10-10-95, last stationed at Orangeville, on July 24th, at Sunbury, by Major Turner.
EYANGELINE C. BOOTH, Commissioner.



Harvest Festival.

The one great idea of Harvest Festival is to persuade people to give a thank-offering to the Lord out of the abundance of their harvest. This does not necessarily apply only to those of agricultural pursuits, but to others as well. If a merchant has done well, a jeweller has sold much, a grocer has increased his weekly turn-over, or a bricklayer has earned much money, there is no reason why he should not recognize the goodness of God Who blessed him with health, vigor of mind, good assistance, etc. Press it home to every heart that the Army's operations are international and undenominational, therefore deserve to be supported by every person freely. The Canadian public has been very generous in the past, and the continued prosperity will certainly make the people more disposed to give well to such a good cause as the Army represents.

The motto which the Commissioner has chosen for this year's Harvest Festival, "Room at the Top!" should inspire us all.

Don't be among those that do the average, or just above it, but do your best. There is always room at the top, and the top is above last year's accomplishments.

Major Pickering's health has been improved during the short rest he has enjoyed under canvas. This is the Major's first experience of camping; its beneficial effects are plainly visible.

The date of the Harvest Festival War Cry will be September 21st. Are you going to contribute to it? Please send your copy as soon as possible.

CORPS' REPORTS

Salvation Under Canvass.

Port Arthur.—We are still marching on, and by the grace of God are doing our best to defeat the powers of darkness in this place. Owing to the hot weather, it was impossible to get the people into the barracks, so we erected a tent near the bay shore, where we are going to make a desperate effort to win souls for the Master's kingdom. We had a nice crowd at the opening meeting on Saturday night, and good meetings all day Sunday.—S. J. K.

The Ice Is Broken.

Lewiston, Idaho.—Since last report God has wonderfully blessed us. One soul knelt at the Mercy Seat and sought salvation. Conviction can be seen on many faces. We are praying that many may be found at the cross.—Wallace Sumpter.

Will Give the Last.

Halifax N.S.—The comrades of No. 11. are busy collecting money to buy furniture for the new barracks and quarters. One man promised to give the last \$5.00. Sunday was a good day. Captains Butler, Thomas and Taylor, from the Hescoe Home, attended the meetings. Two souls at the cross, one a Junior.—Observer.

Mrs. Major Smeeton at the Slum Corps.

St. John's Nfld.—We are rising, as in the name of Jesus the day shall be driven. We praise God for victory. Since last report two more souls have been won for the Master. Sunday was a good day to our souls. At eight we had with us Mrs. Major Smeeton and Mrs. Adj. Turpin. The victory came down, but as one started to follow Christ. Conviction was stamped on many hearts. By the help of God we managed to put the devil to flight here at the Slum Corps. God is on our side, and we are sure to gain the day.—Lieut. Hezekiah Wilshire.

The Hallelujah Notes.

Heart's Delight.—Praise God, we are still alive in this part of the vineyard. Since taking charge, we have had some good times. On Sunday we threw out two Hallelujah notes; one at our open-air and one at the corps. The Lieutenant went to the open-air for Sunday morning and afternoon meetings, and had a good time. On Monday night we had a big time with the children. They took possession of the platform and went through their exercises beautifully. The Lieutenant and myself are doing our best for the lambs as well as the sheep. Our soldiers are a proper lot of blood and fire Salvationists. God bless them!—A. Summers, Lieut.

Capt. Downey at Hamilton I.

Hamilton I.—Good meetings all day on Sunday, led by Capt. Downey, assisted by Capt. Capper. Knee drill well attended. God came very near, and poured His spirit upon us. Good results, viz., five seeking pardon.—Lieut. Currell.

Sowing the Seed.

Ridgetown.—Since last report we have had the joy of seeing a few souls born into the Kingdom. Serg. Major and Mrs. Graham of Thamesville were with us for Sunday's meetings. Good meetings all day, although when the invitation was given at night no one yielded. Yet we are believing for a break in the devil's ranks soon. We are in for the victory.—Cand. F. Talcott.

Appreciated the Gramophone.

Comfort Cove, Nfld.—On Friday we had a visit from our worthy D.O., Eneiga Gosling, accompanied by Capt. Higdon. They gave us a gramophone service, which was greatly appreciated.

ed by all who heard it. Come again, Ensign. We are still marching forward, and God is blessing day by day.—A. Newhook, Lieutenant.

A Good Account of Themselves.

Clareville.—After coming back from Council, where we had some blessed times and received much inspiration from the addresses delivered by Colonel Jacobs, we were pleased to hear the news of the good times the comrades had been having in our absence. One soul saved, and a good case, and the comrades have been blessed themselves. Brother Hoot, from the S.S. Ethie, helped the corps a great deal. God bless him! A good many of the comrades have gone for the summer, yet our meetings are lovely. Began school on Monday with a good crowd of scholars.—J. Moore, Captain.

Fighting in the Open Air.

Seaforth, Ont.—We are marching on to victory through the Blood of the Lamb. Great interest is manifested in the open-air meetings, the people being attentive and generous in giving. Two drunks knelt at the drum head last two weeks. The weather on Sunday was damp, but it did not dampen the spirit of the soldiers, who turned out in full force to thrash the devil, which was certainly done. We were pleased to have Captain Fell with us on Sunday. The lesson read by the Captain in the afternoon was a blessing and inspiration to all present. More anon.—Lieutenant Greenwood.

Things Are Looking Up.

Harbor Grace, Nfld.—We are still pushing forward the claims of God upon the people of this place. God is indeed showing Himself strong on our behalf. One sister this week sought and found salvation. Things in general are looking up a little. Serg. Major Whitman has a fine hold of the J.S. work, and is laying hold of every opportunity to make it a success. We are going on, and if keeping at it will gain the victory, we are sure to

come out on top.—Capt. and Mrs. James and Lieut. Young, C. O's.

The P.O. and D.O. Well Received.

Lunenburg has been known as the hard go for some time, but, thank God, hard go or not, it is going. Since coming here about a month ago, we have had victory. Glory be to God! And both our indoor and open-air attendances have increased. We have just had a visit from Brigadier Sharp and Adjutant Dowell, who were assisted by Captain Fleming. The Adjutant attracted a large crowd in the open-air. The people enjoyed his speaking and manner of getting a collection. They say, "He's the boy to speak and get money." The Brigadier's address, and the whole-souled way in which he delivered it to the people, went right to the hearts of his hearers. The music and singing of Captain Fleming was very much enjoyed. We have lately had a visit from Captain Miller, of Bridgewater. The Captain will always receive a good welcome at Lunenburg. Our recent specials have not come and gone without leaving a deep impression on the hearts of the unsaved, and being a big blessing to the soldiers and officers. Best of all, we can report three souls for salvation since taking command of the corps. Lieut. Tatem has arrived to help push on the war. Our motto is, fight the battle through in the strength of God.—Thos. McWilliam, Captain.

A Drunkard "Solos."

Nanaimo, B.C.—We have had a glorious week-end, the best for many a long day. Saturday night, although nothing special had been announced, we had a tremendous crowd. The collection was splendid. On Sunday night Cadet Rowlands farwelled from the garrison and corps, the people sorry to lose the Cadet. A young man who was under the influence of drink, after giving a sad experience, requested permission to sing. He sang, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Some wept, and his tale of woe was a warning to all

young men to despise that which they know is sinful. We finished the day with three souls. Cadet Steel in under farwelled orders to leave the garrison. The Cadets have fought faithfully. May God bless them.—Capt. Arthur Sheard.

The Hamilton Band.

St. George's, Bermuda.—Capt. Clark, our leader, is taking a short rest, and Capt. Brehaut, an old officer from Bermuda, has come down for a few days to help push on the war. On Wednesday night we had a good meeting, and the people present were deeply convicted. One brother returned to the fold. Thursday night we were reinforced by the Hamilton band and comrades, and a good crowd came to hear the band play and the different comrades sing. The people listened as Captain Brehaut dealt out the truths from the Word of God. This meeting finished with a good prayer meeting. We are praying and believing, and expect a home-coming of the prodigals.—E. Astill, Corps-Cadet.

HER ANSWER SAVED HIM.

A young man fighting his love for strong drink, and who had for some weeks succeeded in controlling his appetite, sat one day at a hotel table with a gentleman and a lady friend for whom he felt the greatest respect. The waiter said to the gentleman: "Will you have some pudding with wine sauce?" "Yes," was the answer. The young man's craving for strong drink was aroused; at the mention of the wine sauce, and he also was about to reply affirmatively to the waiter's question, when his lady friend quickly said: "Pudding without wine sauce, if you please." "Without wine sauce," came the young man's reply. Afterward, in the parlor, he said to her: "I want to thank you for doing me a great favor." She looked astonished. "You do not know what it meant to me when you said at the dinner table, 'Pudding without wine sauce, if you please.'" He then told her his struggle against strong drink, and how near he had come to falling, saved only by her timely example.

A good conscience is the softest pillow.

Affection is the counterfeit of affection.

Gold always shines, but all that glitters is not gold.



An International Meeting in Rossland.

Our Chatham Campaign

26 Seekers—15 Enrolled or Put on Recruits' Roll—Grand Wind-Up.

By BRIGADIER PUGMIRE.

Although we have had to contend with very hot weather (at any rate part of the time) yet we have had very good success.

A Word About the Soldiers.

We must give credit where credit is due, and we are glad to say they turned up well to the open-air meetings. For the number of soldiers on the roll, perhaps as well as any where we have yet been, and—

"If they keep up their fighting, And in Jesus delighting,"

they ought to win many trophies of His grace. A soldier, though, is very little good if he has not got the "war paint" on.

On Sunday afternoon we spent two hours at the park, surrounded by an immense crowd of people, who listened most attentively to all that was said and sang, and to show their appreciation, they gave \$6.00 to the offering, and one listener came out before the great crowd and sought the Lord in the centre of the ring.

A New Thing.

Is there anything new under the sun? Well, occasionally we see something. One of the leading hotels in the city is called the Garner House, the proprietor of which is most friendly to the S. A. Well, on Sunday night, while holding an open-air meeting opposite the said hotel, we were caught in a heavy thunder shower. We were invited into the large office of the hotel, where a glorious service was held, and \$3.00 donated towards our work. About one hundred persons were present, the Mayor of the city being an attentive listener.

The Results.

26 seekers for pardon and purity. 15 were enrolled or put on the Recruits' Roll.

200 soldiers above the average attended the open-air.

700 people above the average attended the services.

\$55.36 were the total offerings.

The Junior Work.

Sergt-Major an. Mrs. Dunkley, and helpers, have the junior work well in hand, and from the "back" of the work on Sunday morning last, we would consider it in a healthy condition. Oh, the importance of the children's work! The boys and girls of to-day will be the men and women of to-morrow.

The Officers.

Ensign Gamble and Capt. Hockin were the essence of kindness and consideration to us, and we trust the Lord will give them many mighty triumphs of His grace in Chatham.

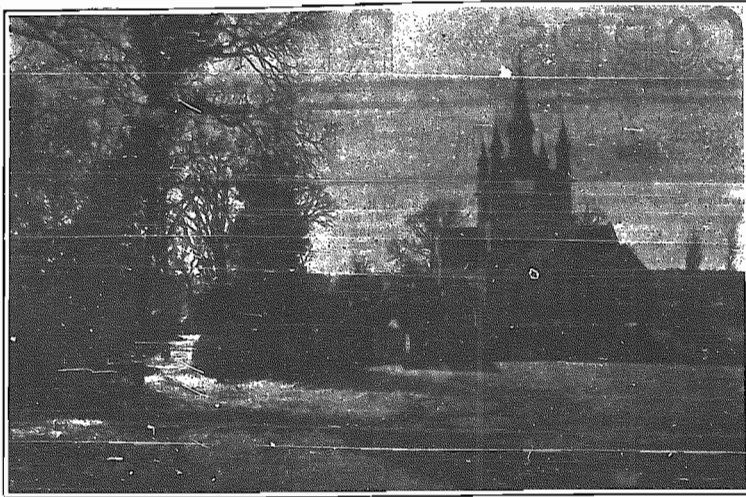
I am sorry to say that Capt. Manton is a little under the weather. His voice has departed for a season, but it is little wonder, for it has been singing, singing most of the time, and we are not quite made of steel; but we rejoice that he is at the war, and to lead some of His lost ones to God. Hallelujah! "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever." This is what we are in for.

MIKE STILL MOVIN'.

Well, sur, ye'll understand that me bizen an' am bring me to sum gre senter of populusshun, an' consequently I struck fur Hillsboro, it is a place well kalkulated to restore the shattered nerves of people needin' restoration. Langan kare a Sababury, I heard the train of the S. & E. R. R. the first evidence of beln on a railroad that can eclipse the G. T. R., C. P. R., or enny other P. R.'s, was the fact that ye don't need to bother jistin a ticket at the us station; ye just gin the konduktur sum kash in its all rite.

"How much it is fur Hillsboro?" sez I.

"35 cts.," sez he.



The Church where the Late Queen Victoria had a family pew, and where Prince Henry of Battenberg is buried.

I was surprised at the small amount an not likin to akt ignorant like, by inquirin how far it was, I sez, "How munny hours' ride du ye givin a man fur that?"

"Oh, about an hour an a haf," sez he.

"That is cheap," sez I; "ketch the G. T. R., or the I. C. R., or the C. P. R. givin ye an hour an a haf ride fur 35 cts. Not mutch!"

An Independent Railroad.

Well, the time beln up, I descended from the kar at the furstias end, an gazed round on the sittle of Hillsboro. It was so different to other sitles, so restful, so full of peace. In front of me stood the grate stashun, fully 16 by 24 ft. in alze; to me left the lovely waters of the Petticoat River rippled at me feet; an to me rite the beautiful mountains lumped up towards heaven, while behind, a snorted an painted the engine of the lightning express, from which I had just descended. I gazed around—no grating electric kar, no konfused shout of a duzen kabmen disturbed the peaceful scene, an me friend had failed to meet me. By-and-bye a nice-lukin lad kum forward an askt me if I wanted to go sumwher. I told him that was me desire. It was a hole mile to sumwher, so pickin up me grips, we struck thru the kam air at a lively pace. We had just proceeded a little way when, sure, ther was an Arme Kaptan. Sure, yer Arme is nere ewher. I'll see it in Hillsboro, sez I to myself, an that nite I went to the meetin. Ther was a fine krowd, an a lot of young people has lately got saved. Bless their young hartz, sez I.

Mr. Editur, I've notised itz nerly alwus young people who du get saved. If people don't get konverted before they are 25 years old, the devil is nere sure of them. Ther hartz git all wizened and dried up, an all the finest an best feelin gone. That was a true sayin ov the great poet—

"Twill save you from a 1000 snares To mind religion young."

Some people sez the young folks backslide no mutch. Well, Mr. Editur, the old wunz is no better, so itz as broad as itz iz long.

Well, sur, the next mornin I had to go back over the railroad. Boln at the stashun some time before the train arrived, I lookt around at the shops, eeters, or the road. The roundhous iz square, an iz fully 60 ft. long, an near 25 ft. wide. I measured it. Ther was akkomodashun fur a hull ingine at wunst. In the shops 2 or 3 men wer blize, an I seed 2 bull bars or oil, it beets awl what a lot ov stuff it takes to run a railroad. Mebbe ye'll think I am rithin sarkastik

Whippingham Church, isle of Wight.

The Church where the Late Queen Victoria had a family pew, and where Prince Henry of Battenberg is buried.

like, am mebbe I am, but that was a railroad just kild ov independent like, not controlled by a big korporashun, like others, but a kind ov side line runnin its own little show. It made me think ov the side lines from the Salvasun road, that won't be best by ennybody—the may be goin sumwher, but it takes a long time to git there.

Mike's Experience With the Telephone.

Did ye ever tank wud a telephone, sur? But ye shud a bin wid me when I tried the machine. Havin a burnin desir to tank wid Mr. Thompson, ov Glace Bay town, I went huntin fur the tankin offis. Arter mutch lakerty I found it, and gin a fine lukin yung lady to understand what me desire was. She jammed some stiks later a brass bord in frunt ov her, an holered at it, an turnin to me she sez, sez she, "Ther he iz, go to the fone." I went to a bizness that was hangin on the wall an sez, "Iz that ye, Kaptan Thompson?" An it wasn't him at all, at all. Thinks I, I'll hang the machine up till the git the rite man. "Oh, ye müssent do that," sez the fir, "stand ther an listen," an, sure, I had to stand an listen wid a thing like a potato masher to me ear, while the went up street to hun fur the Kaptan. Arter a long time Mr. Thompson kum.

"Iz that Kaptan Thompson?" sez I.

"It iz z-z-z," sez he.

"Well, what about me kummin an havin sum meetins wid ye?" sez I.

"Ye kan kum," sez he, "but—Gin me number so-and-so," sez amone.

"Kaptan," sez I.

"Yes," sez he.

"What did ye say," sez I.

"Hello, hello! Well, go ahead, I've bin sick!"

"Hello, hello! What was the rest ov what ye sed?"

"Iz that Kaptan Thompson?" sez I.

"It iz," sez he.

"What did ye say," sez I.

"Ye're fu far from the fone," sez he.

"Hello," sez I. "What more did ye say? Say it agin, I kant hear ye."

"Iz that Kaptan Thompson," sez the telephone gurl.

"It iz," sez he.

"I'm speekin loud enuf," sez he.

"Well, go on," sez she.

"Kurnel Jakobs," sez he.

"Well, what more did you say," sez I?

"Hello," sez I.

"Hello," sez he.

Here I dropt the machine, an giv up the job, an paid the gurl a hull quarter fur this interesting konversation.

An tuk the train early the nixt mornin to find out what the Kaptan had bin sayin.

"What wuz ye sayin' last nite," sez he?

"What wuz ye sayin'?" sez I.

An it turned out the Kaptan had bin poisoned wid Kanned Samon, an everything was mixt up.

Free Traveling to Heaven.

Will ye luk an see if ye kan find a wan sent stamp enclosed, for which please send me yer latest time table, ov how ye hav bin spendin' yer kash, i hev a burial's desire to no what iz dun wid the munny. I heard wun ov yer kaptans tawkin ov it the other day. He was recdin' out the amount contributed by varlus members. Wan mau, who iz quite a poor man, giv a hull quarter every week regular. Then ther wuz smaller sumz. One man giv 10 sents in three months, an sister Smallheart giv 6cts. in three months. She mife a giv less, only she had not giv enny to the Self-denial fund, an had managed to slide into a meetin' Mr. Parker was havin' at the kore widout payin' a sent. Evidently this sister iz a powerful believer in the Gospel, fur sure duzent it say that "Salvasun iz free." Now, don't ye forget to send me yer time table ov spendin' the munny, fur I want to no what wuz dun with the six sents that sister giv.

Mr. Editur, one ov the kurses ov religion iz wuldiness. The World iz awl arter kash. If ye join the Forresters ye've got to pay sumthin every month or week. The Nites of Pithas ditto. The S. O. E. ditto. Every other society ditto, ditto. If ye get on the steamboat or the railroad or the electric kar ye've got to pay. But heer wuz a persun who was a holy saint, free from all these worldly kustums. Well drest, an livin' well, an in the company of the saints, ridin on the Salvasun railroad, golt to see awl the martyrs, an old sakes on apostles—all for 24 sents a year. It du beet awl what a blessed free thing the Gospel iz.

Tawkin' ov this makes me remember what tuk kase sum yeers ago wher I wuz wanst. Ther wuz a meetin, an such a meetin'! The glori kum in chunks. Sum ov the sisters got so blest tha shut ther eyes tite an klapst ther hands, an jest boillered wid feelin' so good. And when the kollektashun plate wuz put tha wer so blest tha kept ther eyes tite shut an hands klapst, an never seed the plate at all at all. It wuz a grate spiritual meetin', nearly awl spirrit, an very little kash.

Mr. Editur, I don't like to moddle wid yer bizness ov yer Arme leaders, but if ye hev a Kaptan to spare that kan live on spring water, wind, an powerful blessins, I kan suggest a good place for him.

Yours, to help on the free Gospel
MOVIN' MIKE.

The Captain's Ghost.

By W. RITCHIE, Tilsonburg, Ont.

SERGEANT-MAJOR JAMISON had been a soldier and Local Officer in the corps at Y—for a number of years. Always at his post, rain or shine, one could hardly think of the corps without associating the tall, intellectual Sergeant-Major with it.

In "the early days" the Army had opened fire on the home town of the future Sergeant-Major, who was then one of the boys at the place, spending his evenings playing billiards, cards, pool, or some other game, with a Background of Whiskey, Beer, Profanity, and Tobacco.

At home, a Christian mother ceased not to pray for her reckless and only son; yet she felt very much disappointed when God answered her prayers—as He has answered the prayers of hundreds of others—by using the Salvation Army to save her boy. However, being a woman of common sense, she thought it best not to object, hoping that in a short time he would be willing to leave the Army and enter her beloved church, as a Christian young man.

Several years sped by, years of happiness in the Jamison home. The young man's devotion to God and the Army was not any less than his devotion to his mother, and many a chat took place in Mother Jamison's little parlor, where visiting Staff Officers found a kindly welcome from mother and son after the close of the evening meeting. So the days flew by, and many were helped by the life and testimony of that faithful Army soldier, who freely gave the best of his life to the cause of God.

One day

A Great Trial Came

to the officers and soldiers. A comrade, trusted by all, had proven unfaithful to God and his employ, and the little band of workers found themselves objects of ridicule and contempt by many. No one was more keenly sensitive to the blow than the Sergeant-Major. Feeling the responsibility of his position, and a realization that he was a representative of the corps, the disgrace settled heavily upon him. His officers grieved at his discouragement, and hoped that it would soon pass away, little guessing that Satan was laying subtle traps for the feet of the young man. Alas! the Sergeant-Major was doing as many others have done, trying to bear his sorrow alone, forgetting to keep in touch with Jesus, the Great Comforter. The meeting soon became a drag, the ring was gone from his testimony, and

The Joy Out of His Prayers.

One night he sat in the little parlor of his home, his violin hung on the wall, where it had remained, unused, for days. The last month's *All the World and the latest War Cry* lay unopened on the table, as with gloomy face he sat brooding. Presently Mrs. Jamison said:

"James, why not come with me to church? See how discouraging it is, after these years of hard work, to see so much of it unset, and your self involved in such a scandal. I am sure you can do a lot of good in this church, and our young minister, Mr. Jones, will tell you so. I am getting old, and would like to have you sit in your father's place beside me."

Was it Satan disguised as an angel of light who prompted these words, or was it simply an awful mistake made with good intentions? I know not; but the suggestion took root in a corner of that young man's heart, and he thought of the quiet, restful meeting in the church, where the soft notes of the organ mingled with the voices of the young people, who dressed in elegant designs of the days, grew upon him. How restful it seemed to him to be in the dusty march and restless barracks room! Then how nice it would be to be

Freed from the Responsibility

of the corps, which never seemed as heavy as then. After all, what was his work in the Army? and what was his duty by it? Thus he

reasoned with himself as he sat in silence.

Suddenly the scene changed, and he thought himself in the old Army hall where he was converted. There was mud-dust on the floor, the benches were rough and homely, the air was filled with jingle of tinbrel and sound of drum. It was the night after his conversion, and before him stood the lance-officers who led him to the Cross. She was speaking to him—"God has called you to be a soldier; do not waver or hold back. We are going on the march; remember the words of Jesus, 'He that taketh not his cross and followeth after Me is not worthy of Me.' May you always bear it. Brother James, and he true till we meet in the morning." Then he spoke himself—how the words came to him now—

"Captain, I'll be True."

The march went out, and he was in it.

When he came to himself he was sitting still in the parlor beside his mother, who was waiting for his reply.



HARVEST THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL

Saturday, Sept. 21st,
TO
Tuesday, Sept. 24th,
INCLUSIVE.

WHAT WILL YOUR THANK-OFFERING BE?



In the place where the Captain had stood he could see his father's portrait hanging on the wall. Picking his Bible up from the centre table, he opened it at the tenth of Matthew, and as he laid it open thus on the arm of his mother's chair, his finger marked the thirty-eighth verse. Slowly he read the message, then removed her gold-rimmed glasses from her eyes, around the neck of her manly son, saying: "Forgive me, James, I should not have said what I did."

A few moments later the sound of his violin music came through the partly open window; mingled with it was a strong young voice singing in joyous tones—

"I will follow the Lamb,
I will follow the Lamb,
With the Cross on my shoulder
I will follow the Lamb."

The corps at Y—has passed safely through its testing-time. Sergt.-Major Jamison is one of the happiest of soldiers, and he thanks God for the Captain's ghost that came to him in his hour of temptation; and that Captain, in a strange land of peculiar people and language, knows not how his words helped a faltering soul.

UNITED MEETING AT ST. JOHN III.

Brigadier Sharp Commissions Eight Corps-Cadets.

(Special.)

It is not often the privilege of the writer to attend, in St. John, N. B., the regular Monday night meeting, at which all the officers and corps unite, and which is usually led by the Chancellor. These meetings are, as a rule, of a most enthusiastic character, and result in much spiritual and financial help to the corps where they take place.

Last Monday, this meeting was at No. III., and was led by Brigadier Sharp, assisted by Staff-Capt. Phillips, and was preceded by a good march. When we returned, we found a fine crowd at the barracks. Singing and testimonies were red-hot. Then came one of the most interesting events of

A SAVED MURDERER.

About seven or eight years ago, in Liverpool, a man whose disposition was quiet and peaceable than otherwise, was troubled with a cantankerous wife. We believe she was addicted to drink; at any rate, one of her pet customs was to irritate the husband by asking him to cut off her head, and taunting him with fear because he did not. But, said to say, one day, goaded to frenzy by her manner, he completely severed her head from her body.

He was tried at the Assizes for the awful deed, and as witnesses came forward to prove his peaceable character, and the great provocation to which he had been subjected, he was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

A Remarkable Conversion.

At the expiration of his term he came back to the same neighborhood, and one Sunday afternoon strolled in to the little Slum barracks. Here he heard sung the songs of salvation, and listened to testimonies of God's grace and saving power. God's Holy Spirit worked upon his heart and conscience; but, doubting whether there was mercy for such as him, he rose from his seat, and in accents that thrilled the little congregation, he cried:

"Is there any forgiveness for one who has broken the sixth Commandment? Tell me, is there mercy for a murderer?"

Thank God, he was told that God's mercy was obtainable by such as him, and he came to the Cross and obtained salvation. He is saved to-day.

A TERRIBLE WARNING.

A young woman stood around our open air meeting a week ago Saturday night, and felt convicted of her sin, and had a desire to come and be saved. Her sister dragged her away home. She vowed if she got another chance she would give herself to God, but it never came. Last Saturday, whilst hunting eggs in her father's barn, she fell from a great height, smashing her skull, dying almost instantly, unavenged. What an awful warning to the procrastinator.—Ensign Fugh, Picton, Ont.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

One who thinks about the wants of others as well as about his own; who delights in helping others, those especially who cannot help themselves; who makes allowances for the erring, and tries to raise the fallen; who cannot be bribed to do a dirty action, or bullied to tell a lie; one who has gentleness and meekness, the child's heart in the brave man's breast.—Dean Hoile.

PRACTICAL REFORMATION.

A young woman, nineteen years of age, who lives in a common lodging-house, and got her living by shabby means, came one evening to the meeting. Here she was brought under the power of God. The Holy Spirit opened her eyes to the awful life she was living, and she longed to change it. For a short time she lived in the same lodging-house a new creature in Christ Jesus. She was then received into the Rescue House, where the work of reformation was completed. She is now living in service, honored and trusted by her employers.

SELF-PRaise UNPOPULAR.

I have often heard said by him, who, among all people I have conversed with to the edification of my understanding, had the keenest practical insight into human nature, and best knew the art of controlling and governing men and winning them over to their good. At the moment anybody is satisfied with himself, everybody else becomes dissatisfied with him; whenever a person thinks much of himself, all other people cease to think much of him.—Haro.

The misery children make for their parents is well known; the misery parents make for their children not so well.



Lieut. Currell, C.O.P.,	360
Lieut. Erb, W.O.P.,	278
Capt. Copeman, W.O.P.,	230
Capt. Noble, Pac. P.,	230
Capt. Long, Skagway	229

HUSTLERS' LETTERS.

THE BEST METHOD.



Capt. Livingstone, Edmonton.

MANY THRILLING EXPERIENCES.

The War Cry has been a great blessing to me, and I have often seen it used as an instrument to bring sinners to S. A. meetings, who otherwise would not have come. I have also known sinners who have been saved through reading it. I praise the Lord, Who has given me grace and strength to sell many of them in saloons, of fees, stores, and houses, one year selling about 4,500. I could relate many thrilling experiences I have had in selling the Cry, but for lack of space; but the War Cry is the paper used of God in the Salvation Army—Mrs. E. Barber.

A PLEASURE TO SELL THEM.

I first met the Salvation Army thirteen years ago, in a little village called Cedar Springs, five miles from Blenheim. I have taken the War Cry regularly ever since, and have always read it with pleasure and profit. I have also had experience in War Cry selling, and always took great pleasure in selling them. It was no great feat for me to sell them—Ina Groom, Blenheim.

ALWAYS GETS A BLESSING.

I always get a blessing in my soul by selling War Cry, and get a chance to talk quite a lot about salvation. I have had a very pleasant experience the last two and a-half years, and have passed many hours of anguish of heart, more mental than physical. I consulted three doctors, but the Great Physician is the only one Who can do me any good. Truly I have been passing through the fire, and I am not quite through yet, but I thank God for His presence with me, and He often speaks to me to encourage me to go on. So the age of miracles is not past yet—Yours under the flag, Margaret St. John.

"I LOVE TO SELL IT."

Sergt. Burke is pleased to tell of the good our dear old Cry has done in her many visitations of the different hotels, etc., in Belleville. "I love to sell it, and intend to put in all my spare time I can in pushing its sales, which I always find a blessing to my soul," she concludes.

What your memory lacks your feet have to make up in extra steps.

It is well you should accept the responsibility of your work, but leave God to manage the universe.



ARAB AHEAD WITH 101—THE EAST, EVEN IF PRESENT, WOULD BE IN THE SHADE—MAG BEATS NIGGER ON ALL FOURS—NEW FOUNDLAND BEATS THE PACIFIC.

Currell, Wreathed in Smiles, Maintains Her Lofly Championship Amidst Changes on all Sides.

West Ontario Province.

100 Hustlers.

Lieut. Erb, London	278
Capt. Copeman, Brantford	230
Lieut. Craft, Galt	150
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	110
Lieut. Yeomans, Sarnia	100
Capt. Barner, Paris	100
Ensign Gamble, Chatham	100
Capt. Hockin, Chatham	100
Capt. Malsey, Guelph	95
Ensign Scott, Clinton	90
Capt. Carr, Petrolia	86
Mrs. Capt. Rock, Berlin	86
Lieut. McColl, Norwich	80
Capt. Frye, Listowel	80
Lieut. Watson, Listowel	80
Ensign Hellman, Essex	80
Ensign Crawford, Goderich	80
Sergt. Richards, Guelph	77
Capt. Kaukele, Sarnia	75
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich	70
Ensign Sisco, Stratford	70
Capt. Crawford, Bothwell	70
Mrs. Allen, Mitchell	69
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	60
Lieut. Cook, Forest	60
Capt. Campbell, Seneca	60
Lieut. Greenwood, Seaford	56
Lieut. West, Palmerston	53
Capt. White, Woodstock	52
Lieut. Stickells, Leamington	52
Flora McCubbin, Leamington	52
Capt. Campbell, Seneca	51
Lieut. Carley, Ridgeway	50
Capt. Harman, Tilsonburg	50
Lieut. Ellis, Tilsonburg	50
Adj. Cameron, Brantford	50
Sergt. Palmer, London	50
Mrs. Schuster, Berlin	50
Capt. Horwood, Wingham	50
Ensign Green, Windsor	45
Capt. Plant, Drayton	45
Mrs. Britton, Stratford	40
Capt. Campbell, Seneca	40
Capt. Williams, Palmerston	37
Lieut. Webber, London	35
Sergt. Keeler, Windsor	34
Maud Stagg, Wallaceburg	32
Mrs. McGulgan, Blenheim	31
Capt. Garrett, Windsor	30
Lieut. Martin, Watford	30
Mrs. Manser, Woodstock	30
S. M. Bryden, Windsor	30
Josie Gregor, Hespeler	30
Mrs. Foubister, St. Thomas	30
Capt. Campbell, Seneca	30
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Ridgeway	28
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	27
Adj. McHarg, Petrolia	27
Mrs. Major Cooper, Guelph	25
Mrs. Broadwell, Kingsville	25
Pearl Harcourt, Chatham	25
Mrs. Bryson, Petrolia	25
Ensign Jarvis, Hespeler	25
Nellie Langley, St. Thomas	25
Capt. Slizer, Goderich	22
Sergt. Ellis, Dresden	22
Pearl Harcourt, Chatham	22
Marshall Bond, Wallaceburg	22
Dad Christner, Dresden	20
Mrs. Downs, St. Thomas	20
S. M. Graham, Thamesville	20
Edna Lamb, Dresden	20
Mrs. Sykes, Stratford	20
Mabel Wheeler, Hespeler	20
S. M. Virtue, Windsor	20
Lieut. Murray, Dresden	20
Rhoda White, Simcoe	20
Mrs. Murray, Windsor	20
Mrs. Blackwell, Forest	20
Celstia Stryer, St. Thomas	20
C. C. Dixon, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Kitchen, Ingersoll	20
Capt. Haley, Ingersoll	20
Eva Simpson, Guelph	20
Mrs. Adj. McMillan, London	20
Treas. Harris, London	20
Sister Wright	20
Capt. Rock, Berlin	20

Adj. Yeomans, Wallaceburg	20
Capt. McMillan, London	20
Capt. Wiseman, Wyoming	20
Bella Beach, London	20
Mrs. Pettit, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Groombridge, Theford	20
Frank Tuck, Ridgeway	20
C. C. Bowling, Stratford	20
C. C. Gear, Strathroy	20
C. C. Hardy, Strathroy	20
Mrs. McCulloch, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Hockin, St. Thomas	20

East Ontario Province.

72 Hustlers.

Capt. Hickman, Picton	187
Sergt. Mrs. Welsh, Burlington	168
P. S. M. Dudley, Ottawa	118
Capt. Yake, St. Johnsbury	110
Lieut. Hicks, Barre	100
Lieut. Owens, Sherbrooke	100
Capt. Crego, Peterboro	100
Mrs. Adj. Kendall, Ottawa	85
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal	80
Sergt. Shaver, Montreal	80
Ona Bethune, St. Albans	75
Capt. Hutt, Newport	75
Capt. Ash, Perth	74
Adj. Moore, Kingston	71
E. Codner, Kingston	70
Sergt. Moore, Montreal	70
Mrs. Edwards, Ottawa	60
Cadet Lowrie, Pembroke	60
Capt. Grose, Cobourg	60
Capt. Edwards, Quebec	60
Sergt. Crawford, Quebec	51
Lieut. Rutledge, Gananogue	50
Lieut. Keats, Port Hope	50
Capt. Randall, Port Hope	50
Adj. Brian, St. Albans	50
Sister Little, Brockville	50
Lieut. Stata, Ottawa	50
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal	45
Sergt. Burke, Belleville	45
Capt. Weil, Belleville	45
Adj. Brington, Peterboro	45
Capt. Liddell, Brockville	45
Lieut. Bushey, Brockville	40
Sergt. Stone, Lakefield	40
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	40
Capt. Crego, Campbellford	36
Capt. Wether, Peterboro	35
Sister Greenslade, Belleville	35
Lieut. Thompson, Pembroke	35
P. S. M. Veal, Barre	35
Mrs. Brown, Kingston	32
Lieut. Hoole, Nanapanee	31
Sergt. Vaucour, Montreal	28
Mrs. Gee, Ottawa	27
Miss Chillingworth, Montreal	27
Ensign Magee, Wakefield	25
Sister Kane, Montreal	25
Adj. A. J. Campbell, Brockville	25
Sergt. King, Nanapanee	25
S. Stanzel, Carleton Place	25
Capt. Redburn, Millbrook	25
J. S. M. Russell, Millbrook	25
Sister Benson, Cornwall	25
E. Baker, Campbellford	25
Sister Robinson, Peterboro	25
Cadet Grainger, Ottawa	22
Adj. Kendall, Ottawa	22
Mildred Veal, Barre	20
Mrs. Barber, Picton	20
Mrs. Jewell, Picton	20
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal	20
Sister Seward, Montreal	20
Mrs. Downey, Kingston	20
Jno. Walton, Kingston	20
Sister Selby, Peterboro	20
Sister Montgomery, Brockville	20
Capt. Magee, Morrisburg	20
Sister Cross, Cornwall	20
Miss Gillan, Renfrew	20

North-West Province.

43 Hustlers.

Adj. Dean, Brandon	120
Sergt. Dorla Taylor, Winnipeg	110
Capt. J. Cook, Rat Portage	106
Ensign Taylor, Calgary	100
Capt. Livingstone, Edmonton	88
Capt. J. Mercer, Fort William	80
Lieut. E. Gamble, Fargo	83
Ensign M. Corns, Fargo	80
Capt. S. Draper, Moosomin	68
Lieut. A. Cook, Jamestown	68
Lieut. L. Dunston, Fort Arthur	65
Mrs. Captain A. Wilkins, Grand Forks	65
Lieut. V. Horne, Grand Forks	65
Lieut. A. White, Prince Albert	28
C. C. Geo. McCullough, Carman	42
Adj. A. Thomas, Lethbridge	42
Capt. A. Hall, Lethbridge	42
Lieut. W. Mansell, Emerson	42
Lieut. W. D. Morris, Portage la Prairie	40
Capt. R. Taylor, Neepawa	40
Capt. A. Pearce, Moorhead	40
Lieut. M. McLean, Moorhead	40
Capt. J. Hakkir, Dauphin	40
Mrs. C. Kauder, Carleton Place	38
C. C. Leadman, Winnipeg	36
Mrs. Fowler, Winnipeg	35
Mrs. Capt. G. Gillan, Winnipeg	35
Lieut. O. Potter, Souris	35
Capt. J. McKay, Selkirk	30
Lieut. L. Smith, Selkirk	30
Lieut. W. Oxenfield, Regina	28
Capt. D. Meyers, Rat Portage	28
Lieut. E. Irwin, Souris	25
Capt. Barrager, Laramore	25
Lieut. McRae, Laramore	25
Lieut. Battley, Devil's Lake	24
Sister M. Chapman, Winnipeg	23
Sister A. Tonguin, Grafton	23
S. M. Mrs. Michaels, Devil's Lake	23
C. C. Annie King, Portage la Prairie	23
Sister Coleman, Portage la Prairie	23
Sister E. Chapman, Winnipeg	23
Sergt. Burrows, Morden	23

Central Ontario Province.

69 Boomers.

Lieut. Currell, Hamilton	360
Mrs. Bowcock, Lippincott	100

Lieut. Wilson, St. Catharines	80
Sergt. H. Richards, Lindsay	75
Mrs. Capt. Hanna, Collingwood	73
Capt. Hanna, Collingwood	70
Capt. Rennie, St. Catharines	70
Cadet Hudgin, Lippincott	62
Lieut. Stickells, Dundas	62
Capt. Kivell, Orangeville	60
Adj. Ogilvie, Owen Sound	60
Capt. McLennan, Owen Sound	60
P. S. M. Bradley, Temple	57
Cadet Class Lippincott	55
Capt. Trickey, Orillia	55
Capt. Rose, Midland	50
Lieut. Minnis, Midland	50
Capt. Stephens, North Bay	60
Capt. Liddell, North Bay	50
Sergt. Tuck, Ligar St.	50
Adj. Walker, Riverside	50
Lieut. Gravett, Riverside	50
Capt. Peacock, Uxbridge	50
Capt. Cardwaine, Little Current	50
Capt. McCann, Huron St.	49
Capt. Howcroft, Huron St.	49
Capt. Nelson, Chesley	45
Capt. Stephens, Brampton	44
Capt. Clink, Sudbury	40
Capt. Bond, Sudbury	40
Capt. Cresswell, Sudbury	40
Cadet Palmer, Orillia	40
Ensign Sims, Ligar St.	40
Mrs. Ensign Sims, Ligar St.	40
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	40
Sergt.-Major Hinton, Oakville	39
Capt. Marshall, Newbridge	39
Capt. Matthews, Burk's Falls	39
Mrs. Capt. Howell, Hunsville	35
Lieut. Porter, Oshawa	35
Capt. Huskinson, Oshawa	35
Sergt. M. Beaver, Lascar St.	35
Cand. Courtman, Norland	30
Sergt. Mrs. Allan, Temple	30
Sister Garvie, Temple	30
Capt. Pattenden, Sturgeon Falls	26
Lieut. Pattenden, Sturgeon Falls	25
Capt. Sheehy, Bowmanville	25
Lieut. Sheppard, Bowmanville	25
Capt. Wadge, Aurora	25
L. Long, Hamilton	25
Ethel Smith, Dovercourt	25
Lieut. McGregor, Lindsay	25
Sister Sheehy, St. Catharines	25
C. C. McCarny, Riverside	25
Sergt. Bowman, Temple	25
P. R. Geron, Burk's Falls	24
Sergt. Bowers, Ligar St.	21
Lieut. Jago, Meaford	21
Capt. Pickett, Meaford	20
Sergt. McHenry, Ligar St.	20
Capt. Cornish, Temple	20
Sister Duell, Temple	20
Sister Robertson, Temple	20
Adj. Ede, Lindsay	20
Harry McCrury, Lindsay	20
P. S. M. Stunden, Bracebridge	20
Sister Miller, Bracebridge	20
S. M. Bayer, Bracebridge	20



HOLINESS.

Tune.—I can, I do, believe in Thee (B.J. 66).

1 O Lord, I come just now to Thee,
Bound down by fear, and doubt,
And sin;
Thou only canst my spirit free,
And make me clean and pure within.

Chorus.

I can, I do believe in Thee!
For Thou hast shed Thy blood for me!
The cleansing stream now sets me free!
The blood, the blood of Calvary.

My idols now I cast aside,
All doubtful things I put away;
My life I place at Thy command,
Thy voice in all things to obey.

I give myself to Thee to save,
And cleanse out all that's wrong in me;
That I no other aim may have
But live to serve and honor Thee.

CALVARY'S PATHWAY MY CHOICE.

Tunes.—In the gloaming: Let me love Thee (B.J. 164).

2 Saviour, at Thy cross I'm kneeling,
Listening just to hear Thy voice,
Now to me Thy will revealing,
Calvary's pathway is my choice.
Tis, when treading in Thy footsteps,
Sweetest, deepest peace is mine;
Tis when in the darkest hour
Thou hast made Thy grace to shine.

Chorus.

Let me love Thee, Saviour,
Take my heart for ever,
Nothing but Thy favor
My soul can satisfy.

When I think of all Thy anguish,
When in dark Gethsemane,
Crushed beneath a weight of sorrow
For a sinner such as me,
How can I withhold from Thee, Lord,
What was bought at such a price?
Take my body, soul, and spirit,
'Tis but a small sacrifice.

When, by faith, I go to Calvary,
See Thy sacred flesh all torn;
When I see the blood-drops falling
From the nails, the spear, the thorn,
In my heart there comes a yearning
For the Lord some cross to bear;
Out of love, Lord, not duty,
I would in Thy suffering share.

A. Griffith.

WAR AND EXPERIENCE.

Tune.—Never say die (B.J. 103).

3 What a wonderful salvation
From every tribulation,
Purchased by the Saviour's blood:
What a glorious revelation,
To every land and nation,
Spoken by the Word of God,
For the rich and poor,
There is mercy sure,
By the love of the Lord of light;
There are joys that last for ever,
And crowns that tarnish never,
In those blessed regions bright.

Chorus.

Never say die, never say die,
Steadily keep advancing, readily face the foe;

Never say die, never say die,
Steadily keep advancing, forward go.

On our heart Thy burden bearing,
And every terror daring,
Jesus, we will walk with Thee;

We would share Thy bourne of sadness,
To bring to others gladness,
If we may Thy servants be,
And our feet shall go
To the heights of woe.
While the love of the cross we sing;
And the living and the dying,
The hardened, God-defying,
Back into the fold we'll bring.

And say when the death-dew lies cold
on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now,
In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee and dwell in Thy sight;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

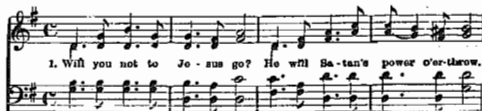
ONLY JESUS.

'Twas His dying love to me,
On the cross of Calvary;
'Twas the dying love of Jesus,
'Twas His dying set me free.
Chorus.

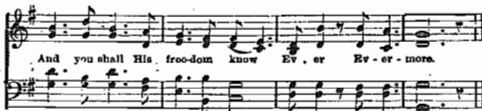
Only Jesus will I know,
Only Jesus will I know,
'Twas His dying love to me
Broke my heart and set me free.

Will you Not to Jesus go?

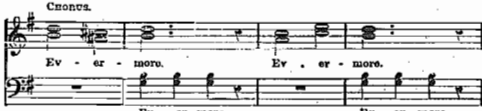
Words and Music by H. H. BOOTH.



1. Will you not to Je-sus go? He will Sa-tan's power o'er-throw.

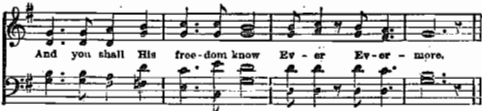


And you shall His free-dom know Ev-er Ev-er-more.



Chorus.

Ev-er-more. Ev-er-more.



And you shall His free-dom know Ev-er Ev-er-more.

2. Think now He endured the pain
Of the Cross, 'midst earth's din-dan,
That thou mightest with Him reign
Ever-more.

3. All the pest of sin and shame
May be blotted from your name,
To be brought 'gainst you again
Never-more.

4. Will you still His love deny?
Sorrow your soul's last chance will fly;
Vain for mercy then your cry,
Ever-more.

5. Ended then your day of grace,
You must await Judgment face,
For 'your ways you can retrace
Never-more.

6. Then in Satan's deadly grip,
Into dark despair you slip,
Lashed by conscience' bitter whip
Ever-more.

(Copyright)

AN OLD FAVORITE.

Tunes.—Oh, turn ye (B.J. 86); Go bury thy sorrow; Fighting on (B.J. 352).

4 My Jesus, I love Thee, I know
Thou art mine;
For Thee all the follies of sin I
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour,
art Thou,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I love Thee because Thou hast first
loved me,
And purchased my pardon when nailed
to the tree;

I love Thee for wearing the thorns on
Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I will love Thee in life, I will love
Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend-
est me breath;

When He hung upon the tree,
In His grief and agony;
When I heard Him cry, 'tis finished,
Then I knew He died for me.

Even now I feel Him near,
And His presence me doth cheer
For amid the cloud and darkness,
Blessed Jesus, He is near.

When death's shady vale is nigh,
And I have to say good-bye,
I shall have no fear to meet Him,
I shall reign with Him on high.

SALVATION.

Tunes.—Guide me, great Jehovah (B.J. 121); Calcutta (B.J. 29).

6 Hark! the Gospel news is sound-
ing,
Christ has suffered on the tree;
Streams of mercy are abundant,
Grace for all is rich and free;
Now, poor sinner, come to Him who
died for thee.

Oh, escape to yonder mountain,
Refuge find in Him to-day;
Christ invites you to the fountain,
Come and wash your sins away;
Do not tarry, come to Jesus while you may.

Grace is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied;
Still it flows as fresh as ever,
From the Saviour's wounded side;
None need perish, all may live for
Christ has died.

Christ alone shall be our portion,
Soon we hope to meet above;
Thou wilt be with us in the hour
Of the great Redeemer's love;
All His fulness we shall then for ever
prove.

SOLO FOR FREE AND EASY

GONE FOR EVER.

7 I used to sing the devil's song in
another sort of dress,
But when I reached my home at
night I found to my distress
My heart was far from satisfied, I'd
experienced a self—
My cash, my time, my influence for
good that day as well.

Chorus.

Were gone for ever, gone for ever,
gone, gone,
Clear gone. 'Twas an awful self.
Gone for ever, gone for ever, gone be-
fore I'd time to say farewell.

At night, when work was over, to a
circus I would go,
And sometimes to an opera house, to
see some trashy show;
With chums, a half-a-dozen, I'd then
go to the bar,
But when my money was all gone,
those fellows were not there—

But now I'll sing of Jesus and His
wondrous love to me,
How, on the cross of Calvary, He died
to set me free;
I cried to Him for mercy, He heard
my humble prayer,
My many sins He washed away, and
now I do declare

2nd Chorus.

They are gone for ever, gone for ever,
gone, gone,
Clear gone. With joy my heart
doth swell
Gone for ever, gone for ever, gone be-
fore I'd time to say farewell.

T. F. S. Appointments.

Ensign Perry.—Oakville, Sat. and
Sun., Aug. 17, 18; Dundas, Tues., Aug.
20; Hamilton, Wed., Thurs., Fri.
Aug. 21, 22, 23; St. Catharines, Sat.
and Sun., Aug. 24, 25.

Ensign Heddinott.—Goderich, Sat.
and Sun., Aug. 17, 18; Clinton, Mon.
and Tues., Aug. 19, 20; Wingham,
Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 21, 22; Tees-
water, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 23, 24.

Capt. Poole.—Burlington, Sat. Sun.
Mon. and Tues., Aug. 17, 18, 19, 20;
Barre, Wed., Thurs., and Fri., Aug.
21, 22, 23; St. Johnsbury, Sat. and
Sun., Aug. 24, 25.

Ensign Parker.—Liverpool, Sat. and
Sun., Aug. 17, 18; Waterville, Mon.
Aug. 19; Canning, Tues., Aug. 20;
Kentville, Wed., Aug. 21; Hantsport,
Thurs., Aug. 22; Windsor, Fri. and
Sat., Aug. 23, 24; Halifax, Sun., Aug.
25.

Ensign Andrews.—Livingston, Sat.
and Sun., Aug. 17, 18; Billings, Mon.
and Tues., Aug. 19, 20; Red Lodge,
Wed., Aug. 21; Dillon, Fri., Aug. 22;
Butte, Sat. and Sun., Aug. 24, 25.

Ensign Stalgars.—Rat Portage, Sat.
and Sun., Aug. 17, 18; Selkirk, Mon.
and Tues., Aug. 19, 20; Winnipeg,
Wed., Thurs., Fri., Aug. 21, 22, 23;
Portage la Prairie, Sat. and Sun.,
Aug. 24, 25.